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Vol. II.

CAPITAL AND INTEREST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FREDERIC BASTIAT.

I address this pamphlet to the working men of Paris, and especially to those who have ranged themselves under the banner of the *Socialist Democracy*. In it I discuss these two questions: 1st. Is it in accordance with the nature of things, and with justice, that capital should yield interest? 2d. Is it in accordance with the nature of things, and with justice, that the interest of capital should be perpetual? The working men of Paris will readily acknowledge that a more important subject could not be agitated.

From the beginning of the world it had always been recognized, at least in practice, that capital ought to yield some interest.

In these latter times, however, we are told that this is precisely the great social error which gives rise to pauperism and inequality. It is, then, very important to ascertain on which side the truth lies. For if the exaction of interest for the use of capital is an iniquity, it is with good reason that

the laboring classes rise up against the existing order of society; and it is in vain to tell them that they ought to have recourse only to lawful and peaceful measures. Such advice is hypocritical. When there is on one side a strong man, poor, and plundered, and on the other, a weak man, rich and the plunderer, it is strange enough that the former should be told, with any hope of persuading him: "Wait until your oppressor voluntarily renounces his oppression, or until it ceases of itself." That can not be; and those who teach that capital is by nature barren, must know that they are provoking a terrible and immediate struggle.

If, on the contrary, the interest of capital is natural, legitimate, consistent with the general welfare, as favorable to the borrower as to the lender, the public writers who decry it, the popular agitators who declaim about this pretended social plague, are leading on the working men to an insane and unrighteous struggle, which can have no other

result than mischief to everybody.

In short, they are arming labor against capital. So much the better, if these two powers are antagonistic! and may the struggle be speedily ended! But if they are really in harmony with each other, the conflict is one of the greatest evils which could be inflicted on society.

You perceive, then, working-men, that there is no question more important than this: Is the interest of capital legitimate or not? In the first case, you ought immediately to renounce the contest towards which you are urged on; in the second, you ought to carry it on with spirit and to the end. Productiveness of capital—Perpetuity of interest.—These questions are difficult to handle. I will endeavor to be clear, and for that purpose I shall have recourse to example more than to demonstration, or rather, I will make demonstration consist of example. I begin by agreeing, that, at the first view, it must seem to you strange that capital should lay claim to remuneration, and especially to perpetual remuneration. You must say to yourselves: Behold these two men. One of them works from morning to night, from one end of the year to the other, and if in order to sustain life he is obliged to consume all that he earns, he remains as poor as ever. On the last day of December, he finds himself no farther advanced than he was on the first day of January, and he has no better prospect before him than to begin again. The other does nothing, either with his hands or his head; or if he uses them at all, it is only for his own gratification: it is allowable for him to do nothing, for he has an *income*. He does not work, and yet he lives well; everything comes to him in abundance—

delicate food, luxurious furniture, elegant equipages; that is to say, he consumes every day, things which laboring people have produced with the sweat of their faces, for these things do not make themselves, and as for him, he has never put his hands to them. It is we, working-men, who have raised that corn, polished that furniture, woven those carpets; it is our wives and our daughters who spun, fashioned, sewed, embroidered those stuffs.—We labor, then, for him and for ourselves; for him first, and for ourselves if there is anything left. But here is something still harder; if the first of these two men, the working-man, consumes, in the course of the year, the earnings of the year's labor, he is just where he began, and his destiny condemns him to move on incessantly, in an eternal and monotonous circle of fatigue. Labor, then, it seems, is remunerated only once. But if the second, the capitalist, consumes in the year the interest for the year, he has the year after, and the following years, and during all time to come, an interest always the same, inexhaustible, *perpetual*.—Capital, then, is remunerated not once, or twice, but an indefinite number of times! So that at the end of one hundred years, the family which has invested twenty thousand francs at five per cent., will have received a hundred thousand francs, which will not prevent them from receiving a hundred thousand more in the following century. In other words, for twenty thousand francs, which represent their labor, they will have exacted, in two centuries, ten times that amount from the labor of others. Is there not in this arrangement of society a monstrous defect, which calls for reform? But that is not all yet. If this family thinks fit to restrict their enjoyments a little, to

spend for example only nine hundred francs instead of a thousand—without any labor, without any other trouble than that of investing one hundred francs a year—they may increase their capital and their income by a progression so rapid that they will soon have it in their power to consume as much as a hundred families of industrious laborers. Does not all this denote that society, as it is, carries in its bosom a hideous cancer, which must be extirpated at the risk of some transient suffering?

These, it seems to me, are the sad and irritating reflections which the active and too easy *crusade* now preached against capital and interest must excite in your minds.

On the other hand, I am convinced there are moments when your good sense conceives doubts, and your conscience is disturbed with scruples. You must sometimes say to yourselves: But to proclaim that capital ought not to yield interest, is to proclaim that loans ought to be gratuitous; that is to say, that he who has produced implements of labor, or materials, or provisions of every kind, ought to give the use of them to others without compensation. Is that just? Then, if it is so, who will be willing to lend these implements, these materials, these provisions? Who will care to lay up a stock of them? Who will even produce them? Each individual will consume them without stint, and mankind will never advance a step forward.—There will be no farther accumulation of capital, for there will be no interest out of which it may be formed.

It will become excessively scarce. Strange progress towards gratuitous lending! Strange method of ameliorating the lot of borrowers, to make it impossible for them to borrow at any price! What will

become of labor itself? for there will no longer be any advances, and there is no kind of employment, not even hunting, which can be carried on without advances.—And for ourselves, what will become of us? What! shall we no longer be permitted to *borrow*, in order that we may work in the prime and vigor of life, and to *lend*, that we may rest in our old age? Will the law deprive us of the prospect of amassing a little property, by forbidding us to derive any advantage from it? Will it take away from us the motive to save now, and the hope of repose in the future? It is useless to wear ourselves out with labor; we might as well abandon the effort to leave a little patrimony to our sons and our daughters, since modern science strikes it with sterility, and we would become devourers of men if we lent it out at interest. Ah, that new world which is presented to our imagination as the ideal of excellence, is sadder and more arid than the one which is condemned, for from the latter, hope, at least, is not banished.

Thus, in all its relations, in all points of view, the question is a grave one. Let us, then, hasten to attempt its solution.

Exchange is the principal domain of political economy, because it is much the more frequent mode of transferring property by means of free and voluntary agreements, whereof this science investigates the laws and effects.

Properly speaking, exchange is the *mutuality of services*. The parties say to each other: "Give me this, and I will give you that;" or perhaps: "Do this for me, and I will do that for you." It is well to remark (for it will shed a new light upon the idea of value) that the second formula is always implied in the first. When one says:

"Do this for me and I will do that for you," he proposes to exchange service for service. In the same way, when one says: "Give me this and I will give you that," it is just as if he was to say, "I give up to you this thing which I have made, you give up to me that thing which you have made." The labor is past, instead of being present; but the exchange is nevertheless governed by the comparative valuation of the two services, so that it is quite true to say that the principle of value resides in the services rendered and received by means of the products exchanged, rather than in the products themselves.

In reality, services are never exchanged directly. There is an intermediate agent, which is called money. Paul has fashioned a garment for which he wants to get a little bread, a little wine, a little oil, the attendance of a physician, a seat in the pit of the theatre, &c. The exchange cannot be made in *specie*; what does Paul do? He first exchanges his garment for money, which is called a *sale*; then, again, he exchanges this money for the objects that he desires, which is called a *purchase*; it is not until then that the mutuality of services has completed its evolution; it is not until then that the labor and the satisfaction balance each other in the same individual; it is not until then that he can say, "I have done this for society, and they have done that for me." In a word, it is not until then that the exchange is fully accomplished. There is nothing, therefore, more exact than this observation of J. B. Say: "Since the introduction of money, every exchange is resolvable into two factors, *sale* and *purchase*." It is the combination of these two factors which constitutes a complete exchange.

It ought also to be observed, that the constant recurrence of money in every exchange has so perverted and confused men's ideas, that they have come at last to believe that money is the only real wealth, and that to multiply money is to multiply services and products. Hence the prohibitive system; hence paper money; hence the celebrated maxim, "what one gains another loses;" and other errors which have ravaged the earth and stained it with blood.

After a great deal of examination and reflection, it has been found that the best way of ascertaining the equal value of two services to be exchanged for each other, so that the bargain might be perfectly fair, is, that it should be free.—However attractive the intervention of the State might appear to be at first sight, it is soon seen to be always injurious to one or other of the contracting parties. In scrutinizing these matters, it is always found necessary to start from the assumption, that equivalence is the result of freedom. We have, in fact, no other means of knowing whether, at any given time, two services are of the same value, than to ascertain whether they are currently and freely exchanged one for the other. Once bring in the State, which is power, or force, on one side or the other, and that instant the means of comparative valuation becomes complicated and confused, instead of being made clearer. The business of the State seems to be to prevent, and above all, to repress wrong and fraud; that is to say, to secure freedom, and not to violate it.

I have enlarged a little on the subject of exchange, though I have to deal principally with *loan*. My excuse is, that in my view, there is in every *loan* a real *exchange*, a real service rendered by the lender, and

which calls for an equivalent service from the borrower—two services, the comparative values of which can only be estimated like those of all other services, by means of perfect freedom. Then, if this be true, the legitimacy of what is called hire, rent, interest, may be easily explained and justified.

Let us consider the contract of loan. Suppose that two men exchange two services, or two things, the equivalence of which is beyond all question. Suppose, for example, that Peter says to Paul, "Give me ten ten-sous pieces for one five-franc piece." It is impossible to imagine a more absolute equality of value. When this exchange is made, neither of the parties has any further claim upon the other. The services exchanged are exactly worth one another. It follows, that if one of the parties desires to introduce into the bargain an additional clause, which will be advantageous to him and unfavorable to the other party, he must also agree to some further article, which may restore the equilibrium and re-establish the rule of justice. To pretend to see any injustice in such an equalizing clause, would certainly be absurd.

This being settled, suppose Peter, after having said to Paul, "give me ten ten-sous pieces and I will give you a five-franc piece," adds, "you shall give me the ten ten-sous pieces *now*, and I will give you the five-franc piece at the expiration of a year." It is very evident that this new proposition changes the burdens and benefits of the bargain, and alters the relative proportions of the two services. Is it not perfectly clear that, in fact, Peter demands of Paul a new service, additional and of another kind? Is it not the same thing as if he had said, "Do me the service of letting

me use for my benefit, for a year, five francs which belong to you, and which you might use for your own benefit?" And what good reason can there be for affirming that Paul is bound to render this special service gratuitously; that he ought not to demand anything more on account of it; that the State ought to interpose to compel him to submit to it? How is it possible for the publicist who preaches such a doctrine as this to the people, to reconcile it with the principle from which he sets out—the *mutuality of services*? I have here introduced money. I was induced to do this by the desire of presenting to view, two objects of exchange, perfectly and unquestionably equal in value. I was anxious to prevent objections on that point; but in another point of view my demonstration would have been still more striking, if I had made the agreement relate directly to services or products themselves.

Suppose, for example, a house and a ship so perfectly equal in value that their owners are willing to exchange them, one for the other, without premium or abatement on either side. The bargain is a fact concluded before a notary. But just as possession is about to be delivered respectively, the owner of the ship says to the owner of the house, "Well, the contract is made, and nothing could prove its perfect equity better than our free and voluntary agreements; the terms being fixed, I wish to propose a slight modification as to the mode of carrying them into effect. It is, that you shall give me immediate possession of your house, but that I shall not deliver you my ship until the end of a year; and the reason which induces me to make this request is, that during the year I can employ the ship very profitably."

In order to disembarass the case of all considerations relative to the deterioration of the thing lent, I will suppose the owner of the ship to add, "I will engage to deliver you the ship at the end of the year in the same condition in which it is now." I ask every man of good faith—I ask Mr. Proudhon himself, would not the owner of the house have a right to answer, "The new clause which you propose alters entirely the proportions or relative values of the services exchanged. By it I shall be deprived for a year of both my house and your ship, while you will be making use of both one and the other. If without this clause the even exchange was just, it follows necessarily that this clause is injurious to me. It stipulates for an advantage to you, and a disadvantage to me. This is a new service that you require of me; I have then a right either to refuse it or to demand of you an equivalent service by way of compensation." If the parties agree as to this compensation, the reasonableness of which is incontestible, it will be easy to distinguish two bargains in one—two exchanges of services in one. There is, first, the barter of the house for the ship; then the delay accorded by one of the parties, and the compensation equivalent to that delay allowed by the other. These two new services take the *generic* names of credit and interest; but names do not change the nature of things, and surely no one will venture to deny that there is in reality an exchange of service for service, or mutuality of services. To say that one of these services does not call for the other—to say that the first ought to be rendered gratuitously—if we would avoid injustice, is to say that injustice consists in the reciprocity of services, and justice requires that

one of the parties should give and not receive, which is a contradiction in terms.

For the purpose of giving an idea of interest and its mechanism, I must beg leave to relate two or three anecdotes. But first, I must say a few words on the subject of capital.

Some people imagine that capital and money are the same thing, and therefore it is that they deny the productiveness of capital; for according to Mr. Thoré, crown pieces are not endowed with the faculty of reproduction. But it is not true that capital is synonymous with money. Before the discovery of the precious metals, there were capitalists in the world, and I venture to say that then, as well as now, every man was to some extent a capitalist.

What, then, is capital? It is composed of three things:

1st. Materials on which men work, after those materials have already had some degree of value communicated to them by human labor, which has imparted to them the principle of remuneration; such things, for example, as wool, flax, leather, silk, wood, &c.

2d. Instruments which they make use of for facilitating labor; tools, machines, ships, wagons, &c.

3d. Provisions which they consume during the progress of their labor; food, clothing, houses, &c.

Without these things, men could not labor effectually, and yet these very things have required long continued labor to produce them, especially at the outset. Therefore it is that great value is attached to the possession of them, and this is also the reason why it is perfectly legitimate to exchange and to sell them—to derive benefit from them if one uses them himself, or to be paid for the use of them if they are lent out.

I come, then, to my anecdotes :

THE SACK OF WHEAT.

Matharin, otherwise as poor as Job, and obliged to earn his living by daily labor, was nevertheless, by I know not what chance, the owner of a good slip of unimproved land. He was ardently desirous to clear it up. Alas, said he to himself, if I could drain it, fence it, break up the soil, rid it of stones and brambles, mellow it and sow it, in a year or two it would supply me with plenty of food, but certainly not to-day and to-morrow. It is impossible for me to devote my labor to its cultivation until I have first accumulated a stock of provisions on which I may subsist until the harvest, and I am taught by experience that some *past labor* is indispensable to make present labor really productive. The good Matharin did not stop at these reflections. He immediately resolved to work hard every day as a laborer, and to save something out of his wages in order to buy a spade and a sack of wheat,—things without which he would have to renounce his finest agricultural projects. He did so well,—he was so industrious and so frugal, that at length he found himself possessed of the blessed sack of wheat. I will carry it to the mill, said he, and I will have enough to live on until my field is covered with a rich harvest. Just as he was going to start, in came his neighbor, Jerome, to borrow his treasure. "If," said Jerome, "you will lend me that sack of wheat, you will render me a great service, for I have in view a very lucrative job, which it is impossible for me to undertake for want of provisions to live on until it is finished."

"I was exactly in the same predicament," replied Matharin, "and

if I have food provided for some months, I have earned it at the expense of my arms and my stomach. On what principle of justice should it be dedicated to the execution of your project and not mine."

It may well be supposed that the bargain was some time under discussion, but it was at length concluded, and on these terms :

First, Jerome promises to return, at the end of the year, another sack of wheat of the same quality and the same weight, not a single grain less. This first clause, said he, is perfectly just ; without it, Matharin would not *lend*, he would *give*.

Secondly, he binds himself to give five *litres* over and above, for every hundred *litres*. This clause, thought he, is no less just than the other ; without it, Matharin would do me a service without compensation ; he would subject himself to a privation ; he would renounce his cherished enterprise ; he would put me in a condition to accomplish mine ; he would let me enjoy for a year the fruit of his savings, and all this gratuitously. Since he postpones the improvement of his land, since he puts it in my power to execute a lucrative job, it is quite natural that I should allow him, to some extent at least, to share in the gains which I shall owe to his sacrifice.

On his part, Matharin, who was a little of a clerk, reasoned as follows : As by virtue of the first clause, the sack of wheat will be returned to me at the end of the year, I shall be able to lend it out again. I will get it back at the end of the second year. I may lend it out again, and so on forever. In the meantime, I cannot deny that it will have been eaten up long before. It does seem odd that I should be forever the owner of a sack of wheat, though the one I lent out has been forever destroyed.

But this is susceptible of explanation: it will be consumed in the service of Jerome. It will enable Jerome to produce a greater value, and consequently he will be able to return me another sack of wheat, or its value, without suffering any loss, but the reverse. And as for myself, it ought to be my property as long as I do not consume it for my own use. If I had made use of it in clearing up my own land, I should have got it back in the shape of a good crop. Instead of that, I lend it out, and I ought to get it back in the form of repayment.

I learn another lesson from the second clause. At the end of the year I will receive five *litres* of wheat in addition to the hundred *litres* that I lend out. If, then, I were to continue to work by the day, and to save out of my wages as I have done, in a little while I should be able to lend out two sacks of wheat, then three, then four, and when I should have put out a sufficiently large number to be able to live on the aggregate sum of the five *litres* accruing on each of them, I might in my old age be allowed to take a little rest. But how? Shall I not then be living at the expense of other people? Assuredly not, since it is acknowledged that in lending I render a service. I assist the labor of the borrowers, and I receive but a small part of the increased production due to my labor and my savings. It is a wonderful thing that a man may thus lay up a season of leisure, which hurts nobody, and cannot be coveted without injustice.

THE PLANE.

A long, very long time ago, there lived in a poor village, a philosophical joiner,—for all my characters

are a little in that line. James worked morning and evening with his two strong arms, but his understanding was not therefore idle.—He had a fancy for accounting to himself for his actions, their causes and consequences. He sometimes said to himself: With my lathet, my saw and my hammer, I can make only coarse articles, and I am accordingly paid but little for them. If I had a plane I could satisfy my customers better, and they would satisfy me better also. It is quite right; I can only expect services proportioned to those which I myself render. Yes, my resolution is fixed, and I will make myself a plane. Meanwhile, before he began to work at it, he made this further reflection: I work for my customers three hundred days in the year. If I devote ten days to making my plane, supposing it to last me a year, I shall have but two hundred and ninety days left for making furniture. It is necessary, therefore, in order that I may not be duped in this matter, that, with the aid of my plane, I should hereafter earn in two hundred and ninety days as much as I now earn in three hundred days. I ought even to earn more, for otherwise it would not be worth while to embark in an innovation. James then set about calculating. He soon satisfied himself that he would sell his better finished articles at a price which would fully recompense him for the ten days devoted to making the plane. And when he was quite assured on this point, he immediately went to work to make it.

I beg the reader to remark, that this power which resides in the tool to increase the productiveness of labor, is the basis of the solution which is to follow.

At the end of ten days, James had in his possession an admirable plane, so much the more precious

to him that he had made it himself.

He leapt with joy, for, like the unlucky milkmaid in the fable, he counted up all the gains he was to derive from his ingenious instrument.

He was busy building *castles in the air*, when he was interrupted by his comrade William, the joiner of a neighboring village. William having admired the plane, was forcibly struck with the advantages which might be derived from the use of it. He said to James: You must render me a *service*.

What service?

Lend me this plane for a year.

At this proposition, James, as may well be supposed, could not help exclaiming:

William, do you really dream of such a thing? And if I render you that service, what service will you render me in return?

None. Do you not know that a loan ought to be gratuitous? Do you not know that capital is naturally unproductive? Do you not know that *Fraternity* has been proclaimed? If you were to render me a service only that you might receive one from me, what merit would there be in that?

Friend William, *Fraternity* cannot mean that all the sacrifices shall be on one side; and if it does, I cannot see why they should not be on yours. I do not know whether a loan ought to be gratuitous or not, but I do know that if I were to lend you my plane for a year, I should in fact give it to you, and to tell you the truth I did not make it for that.

Well, let us pass over for the present the modern maxims of *fraternity* discovered by our socialist gentlemen. I ask you to do me a service; what service do you demand of me in return?

First, in a year the plane will have to be thrown by as rubbish,

for it will be good for nothing. It is therefore just that you should return me another one exactly like it, or give me money enough to have it repaired, or the ten days' work which would be required to make it over again. In some way or other the plane must come back to me in the same good condition in which it is delivered to you.

Nothing could be more just. I agree to that condition. I bind myself to return a plane of the same sort, or its value. I think you are now satisfied, and have nothing more to ask.

But I think otherwise. I made this plane for myself, and not for you. I expected some benefit from it; that my work would be better finished and better paid for, and my condition thereby improved. I cannot give up all that to you for nothing. What reason is there that I should have the trouble of making the plane, and *you* should enjoy the benefit of it? I might just as well demand your saw and your hatchet. What confusion this would make. And is it not more natural that each one should keep what he has made with his own hands, as he keeps the hands themselves. To use another man's hands without compensation, is called *slavery*; can it be called *fraternity* to use another man's plane without compensation?

But since it is agreed that I shall return it to you at the end of the year, as smooth and as sharp as it is now.

The question is not about next year, but about this year. I made the plane to improve my work and better my condition; if you do no more than return it to me in a year, you will have the benefit of it for a whole year. I am not bound to render you such a service without receiving any from you. If, then, you want my plane, beside the res-

titution already agreed on, you must render me another service, which we will proceed to discuss. You must make me some remuneration.

And that was arranged in the following manner. William agreed to return to James at the end of the year an entirely new plane, and also to give him a plank as a further compensation for the advantages which he was to forego and William to enjoy. And it would have been impossible for any one acquainted with this transaction to discover in it the least trace of oppression or injustice.

At the end of the year the plane came back into James' possession, who immediately lent it out again, got it back, and lent it again a third and a fourth time. It passed down to his son, who still continues to lend it out. Poor plane! How often it has had, at one time its blade and another its helve, entirely renewed. It is no longer the same plane, but it is still the same *value*, at least for James' posterity.

My friends, let us now consider these little stories.

I affirm at the outset, that the *sack of wheat* and the *plane* are here the types, the representatives, the symbols of all *Capital*, as the five *litres* of wheat and the plank are the types, the representatives, the symbols of all *Interest*. This being established, it seems to me to be impossible to deny the justice of the following series of consequences:

1st. If the giving of a plank by the borrower to the lender is a natural, equitable, legitimate remuneration, the fair price of a real service, we may thence conclude as a general proposition, that it is of the nature of capital to produce interest. When this capital, as in the foregoing example, assumes the form of an *implement of labor*, it

is quite clear that it must confer some advantage on its possessor—upon him who made it, who devoted his time, his understanding, and his strength to that object; otherwise, why should he have made it? People do not immediately satisfy any of their wants with implements of labor; nobody eats planes or drinks saws, unless, perhaps, the jugglers. To induce a man to devote his time to the production of such articles, he must be influenced by the consideration of the additional power which these instruments confer, the time which they save, and the perfection and rapidity which they impart to his work—in a word, the advantages they give him. Now, these advantages, which he has obtained by means of labor, by the sacrifice of time which he might have employed to more immediate profit,—is he obliged to transfer them gratuitously to another, just as he is about to enjoy them? Would it be a step forward in the improvement of social order that the law should so decide, and that the people should pay public functionaries for enforcing such a law? I venture to say that there is not one among you who thinks so. It would be to legalize, organize, systematize injustice itself, for it would be to proclaim that there are some men born to render, and others to receive gratuitous services. Let us, then, assume as a settled point, that interest is just, natural, and legitimate.

2d. A second consequence, not less remarkable than the first, and if possible still more satisfactory, to which I call your attention, is this: *Interest does not injure the borrower*. I mean to say, the obligation of the borrower to pay a remuneration for the enjoyment of capital does not make his condition any worse. Observe that James

and William are perfectly free with regard to the bargain of which the plane is the subject. This bargain cannot take place until it suits the convenience of both of them. The worst that can happen is that James may be too exacting, and in that case, William, refusing the loan, will remain as he was before. From the simple fact that he agrees to take the loan, it is evident that he considers it advantageous; it is evident that, after making every calculation, and taking into account the remuneration, whatever it may be, which he has to pay, he still finds it more profitable to borrow than not to borrow. He only comes to that conclusion because he has compared the advantages with the disadvantages. He has ascertained by calculation, that the day on which he shall return the plane, with the stipulated remuneration, he will have finished more work with the same labor, by means of that implement. He will have a residue of profit, without which he would not borrow.

The two services in question are exchanged for each other according to the law which governs all exchanges: that of supply and demand. The exactions of James have a natural and impassable limit. It is the point at which the remuneration demanded by him would absorb all the advantage which William could derive from the use of a plane. William would be obliged either to make a plane for himself, or to do without one, which would leave him in his original condition. He borrows; therefore, he gains by borrowing.

I know what will be the answer to this. It will be said: William may deceive himself, or he may be overpowered by necessity and submit to a hard law.

I concede it, but I reply: As for errors of calculation, they belong

to the imperfection of our nature, and to argue from them against the transaction in question, is to put a negative upon all imaginable bargains, and indeed upon all human actions. Error is an accidental thing, which experience is incessantly correcting. In the mean, each individual must be careful to guard against it. As to the hard necessities which force men to accept burdensome loans, it is clear that these necessities exist before the loan. If William is so situated that he absolutely cannot do without a plane, and is forced to borrow one at any price, does his predicament arise from the fact that James has taken the trouble to make that tool? does it not exist independently of that circumstance?—However hard, however exacting James may be, he cannot make the exposed condition of William worse. Certainly the lender may sometimes be morally blamable, but in the economical point of view, the loan itself cannot be considered responsible for previous necessities which it did not create and which it always in some measure relieves.

But this proves a thing to which I shall revert, and that is, that it is evidently the interest of William, here representing the borrowers in general, that there should be a great many Jameses and a great many planes; in other words, plenty of lenders, and of capital. It is very clear that if William can say to James, "Your demands are exorbitant, I will apply to somebody else—there is no scarcity of planes in the world," he will be in a better situation than if James' plane was the only one that could be borrowed.

Assuredly there is no aphorism more true than this: *service for service*. But let us never forget that no service has in comparison with others, a fixed and absolute value.

The contracting parties are free.—Each of them pushes his demands to the highest possible point, and the circumstance most favorable to his pretensions is the absence of rivalry. Hence it follows, that if there is any class of men more interested than all others in the multiplication and abundance of capital, it is the class of borrowers.—Now, since it is only through the stimulating influence of the prospect of a just remuneration that capital is formed and accumulated, let them understand the injury they inflict upon themselves when they deny the legitimacy of interest, when they proclaim the gratuitousness of credit, when they declaim against the pretended tyranny of capital, when they discourage saving and thereby promote the scarcity of capital, and consequently the rise of interest.

3d. The anecdote which I have related will also put you in the way of explaining that phenomenon which seems so strange—the perpetuity of interest. Since, in lending his plane, James could legitimately stipulate for the condition that it should be returned to him at the end of the year, in the same condition as when he parted with it, is it not clear that he might from that time either use it himself or lend it out again on the same condition? Should he adopt the latter alternative, the plane will come back to him at the end of each year, and that for an indefinite time. James will therefore have it in his power to continue to lend it out for an indefinite number of years—that is to say, to derive from it a *perpetual rent*. It may be said, that the plain wears out. That is true, but it is worn out in the hands and for the profit of the borrower. The latter has taken into account this gradual destruction, and assumed its consequences upon him-

self, as it was right that he should. He has calculated that he will gain by the use of this tool enough to enable him to return it in perfect condition and realize a profit besides. As long as James does not use this capital himself and for his own benefit, as long as he foregoes those advantages which allow of its being kept in perfect condition, he will have a right to receive it back entire, besides receiving interest.

Observe further, that if, as I believe I have shewn, James, so far from doing any wrong to William, has rendered him a service by lending him his plane for a year, he will do no wrong, but on the contrary, will render a service, to a second, a third, a fourth borrower, in subsequent periods. Whence you perceive that the interest of a capital is as natural, as legitimate, and as useful the thousandth year as the first.

Let us go a step further. It may be that James does not lend only one plane. It is possible that by dint of labor, frugality, self-denial, order, and activity, he may be enabled to lend out a great many planes and saws—that is, to render a great many services. I affirm, that if the first loan was a benefit to society, so also are all the others, for they are all homogeneous and founded on the same principle. It may happen, then, that the aggregate of all the remunerations received by our honest artizan in exchange for such services rendered by him, may be sufficient to support him. In that case there would be a man in the world who would have a right to live without work. I do not say that he would do well to give himself up to idleness; I say that he would have a right to do so, and if he availed himself of that right it would not be at the expense of anybody else, but quite the contrary. So that if society

comprehends the nature of things, they will acknowledge that this man does indeed subsist by services that he receives (so do we all), but which he receives legitimately in exchange for other services which he has himself rendered, which he continues to render, and which are certainly real, since they are freely and voluntarily accepted.

And here may be seen one of the most beautiful harmonies of the natural order of society. I mean *leisure*: not that leisure which the warlike and domineering castes procure for themselves by the spoliation of labor, but the leisure which is the legitimate and innocent fruit of past industry and frugality. In thus expressing myself, I know that I shock many received notions. But reflect for a moment. Is not leisure an essential spring in the mechanism of society? Without it, the world would never have had a Newton, or a Pascal, or a Fenelon; mankind would have no knowledge of the arts, or of the sciences, or of those wonderful inventions which originated in the investigations of pure curiosity; thought would be inactive, and man without progress. On the other hand, if leisure were attainable by no other means than spoliation and oppression; if it was a blessing which could only be enjoyed unjustly and at the expense of other people, there would be no middle ground between these two evils: either mankind would be compelled to stagnate in a mere vegetable and stationary existence, in eternal ignorance for want of one of the necessary components of the social machine, or they would have to supply that defect by inevitable injustice, and to exhibit of necessity, under one form or another, the sad spectacle of the ancient classification of men into masters and slaves. On this hypothe-

sis, I defy you to point out any other alternative. We would be forced to contemplate the providential arrangements which govern society with the sorrowful conviction that they present a deplorable gap. The main spring of progress would be left out, or what is worse, this main-spring would be injustice itself. But no: God has left no such gap in his cherished work.—Let us beware that we do not forget his wisdom and his power; let those whose imperfect meditations cannot comprehend the legitimacy of leisure, at least imitate the astronomer who said, "At such a point in the heavens there ought to be a planet, which sooner or later will be discovered, for without it the planetary system is not harmonious, but discordant." And I say, that, properly considered, the history of my humble plane, though very modest, is sufficient to elevate us to the contemplation of one of the most consoling and least understood harmonies of the social system.

It is not true that we must choose between the negation and the illegitimacy of leisure; thanks to interest and its natural perpetuity, leisure may spring up out of industry and frugality. It is a pleasing prospect which every one may have in view; it is a noble recompense to which every one may aspire.—It makes its appearance in the world; it extends and diffuses itself in proportion to the exercise of certain virtues; it opens all the paths of intelligence; it ennobles, it improves, it spiritualises men's souls, not only without adding any thing to the burthens of those of your brethren whom the necessary conditions of life still confine to rugged toil, but even gradually mitigating what is heaviest and most repugnant in that toil. Only let capital be formed, accumulated, and lent out on conditions always grow-

ing less and less onerous, and it will descend and penetrate into every rank of society, and, by an admirable progression, after having enfranchised the lender, it hastens the enfranchisement of the borrowers themselves. For this purpose, it is necessary that our laws and our manners should be favorable to frugality, which is the source of capital. It need scarcely be added that the first condition of all is not to alarm, assail, fight against and deny *interest*, which is the stimulus of frugality, and the very reason of its existence.

As long as we see only provisions, raw materials and implements, things indispensable to the productiveness of labor itself, passing from hand to hand by way of loan, the ideas expressed above will probably meet with little opposition.—Perhaps I shall be reproached with having made a great effort to force a door which was not fastened.—But as soon as *money* comes upon the scene as the subject of the bargain (and it is almost always money), immediately objections start up in crowds. Money, it will be said, does not reproduce itself like your sack of wheat; it does not assist labor like your plane. Then it is incapable by its nature of producing interest, of multiplying itself, and the remuneration which it exacts is a real extortion.

Who does not see where the sophism lies? Who does not see that money is only a transitory form which men give to other values—to things of real utility—with the sole purpose of facilitating their arrangements? In the midst of the complications of society, the man who is in a condition to lend scarcely ever has the very thing which the borrower wants. James may have a plane, but perhaps William wants a saw. They cannot deal with each other; the bar-

gain which would be beneficial to both cannot be made;—and what happens? Why, James first exchanges his plane for money; he lends the money to William, and William exchanges it for a saw.—The transaction has become complicated; it has resolved itself into two factors, as I explained above, in speaking of exchange. But it has not therefore changed its nature. It does not the less contain all the elements of a direct loan. James has no less parted with an implement which was useful to him; William has no less received an instrument which improves his work and increases his profits; there is a service rendered by the lender, giving him a right to receive an equivalent service from the borrower; this equivalence is no less settled by free and conflicting discussion; the natural obligation to restore the *value* entire at the termination of the loan no less constitutes the principle of the perpetuity of interest.

“Do you,” says Mr. Thoré, “find at the end of the year a crown-piece more in a sack of a hundred francs?” Certainly not, if the borrower throws the sack of a hundred francs into a corner. Treated in the same way, neither the plane nor the sack of wheat would reproduce themselves. But it is not for the purpose of leaving the money in the sack, or the plane on the shelf, that they are borrowed. The plane is borrowed to be used, or the money in order to obtain a plane. And if it is demonstrated that this tool enables the borrower to make profits which he could not have made without it; if it is demonstrated that the lender has borne to create for himself that excess of profit, you see clearly that the stipulation to pay a part of that excess to the lender is equitable and legitimate.

Ignorance of the real part which money performs in the transactions of men, is the source of the most mischievous errors.

According to what may be inferred from the writings of Mr. Proudhon, that which led him to think that the gratuitousness of credit was a logical and definitive consequence of the progress of society, was observing the phenomenon which exhibits interest decreasing almost in the direct ratio of the increase of civilization. In periods of barbarism it is seen in fact at 100 per cent. and over. Later on it sinks to 80, to 60, to 40, to 20, to 10, to 8, to 5, to 4, to 3 per cent. It has been seen in Holland as low as 2 per cent. Hence this conclusion is drawn: "Since interest approximates to zero in proportion as society improves, it will reach zero when society arrives at perfection. In other words, what marks social advancement is the gratuitousness of credit. Then let us abolish interest, and we shall have reached the last term in the progress of improvement."

This is merely specious, and since such false reasoning may contribute to give popularity to the unjust, dangerous, and subversive dogma of the gratuitousness of credit, by representing it as coincident with the perfection of society, the reader will permit me, in a few words, to examine this new view of the question.

What is *interest*? It is the *service* rendered, after free bargaining, by the borrower to the lender in remuneration of the *service* received from him by the loan.

What law regulates the rate of these services, by which loans are remunerated? The general law which governs the exchange of all services; that is to say, the law of supply and demand. The easier it is to procure a thing, the less is the

service rendered by transferring or lending it. The man who gives me a glass of water in the Pyrenees, does not render me so great a service as if he gave me a glass of water in the desert of Sahara. If there are a great many planes and sacks of wheat, the use of them is obtained (*ceteris paribus*) on more favorable terms than if there are but few, for the simple reason, that the lender in that case renders a comparatively less service.

It is not, then, surprising, that the more capital abounds, the lower interest falls.

Will it, therefore, ever reach zero? No; because the principle of remuneration is inseparably incident to lending. To say that interest shall be annihilated, is to say that there shall be no longer any motive for frugality, for self-denial, for forming new capital, or even preserving the old. In that case, waste would soon produce scarcity, and interest would again reappear.

In that respect, the kind of services which we are considering does not differ from any other. Thanks to the progress of mechanical industry, a pair of stockings which was formerly worth six francs, has since been successively worth four, three, and two francs. No one can say to how low a point their value will fall; but it will certainly never sink to zero, unless stockings could come at last to be spontaneously produced. And why? Because the principle of remuneration is inherent in labor; because he who labors for another renders a service, and ought to receive a service: if stockings were no longer paid for, they would cease to be made, and with scarcity the price would surely reappear.

The sophism which I am here combatting has its root in that infinite divisibility which is applicable to value as it is to matter.

It seems, at first, paradoxical; but it is well known by all mathematicians that one may, every minute for all eternity, take away fractions of a given weight without ever entirely extinguishing the weight itself. It is sufficient that each successive fraction should be less than the preceding one, in a certain and regular proportion.

In some countries great attention is paid to increasing the size of horses, and to diminishing the size of the heads of sheep. It is impossible to fix the points which may be reached in effecting these objects. No one can say that he has seen the largest horse, or the smallest-headed sheep, that will ever appear in the world. But it may be affirmed with confidence, that the size of horses will never be infinitely large, and that the heads of sheep will never be reduced to nothing.

So, also, no one can say how low the price of stockings, or the interest of capital, will fall; but it may be safely affirmed, from our knowledge of the nature of things, that neither one nor the other will ever reach zero, for labor and capital could no more exist without remuneration than a sheep without a head.

The reasoning of Mr. Proudhon comes then to this: Since the most skilful stock-raisers are those who have reduced the heads of sheep to the smallest size, we shall have arrived at perfection in sheep-farming when sheep become headless.—Then in order at once to realize this perfection, let us cut off their heads.

Here I am at the end of this tiresome dissertation. The diffusion of false doctrines has compelled me to dive into the essential nature of interest. I cannot conclude without bringing to view a fine moral, which may be deduced

from the law, "that the reduction of interest is in proportion to the abundance of capital." Assuming this law, if there is a class of men more especially interested than all others that capital should be formed, accumulated, abound, and superabound, it is certainly the class who borrow, directly or indirectly; it is the men who work up raw materials, who are assisted by implements of labor, who live on provisions produced and saved by other men.

Imagine a vast and fertile region, occupied by a tribe of a thousand people, destitute of all capital defined as above. They must inevitably perish with all the tortures of famine. Let us pass on to an hypothesis hardly less cruel. Let us suppose that ten of these savages are furnished with implements and provisions in sufficient quantity to enable them to live and work until the harvest, and also to employ the services of ninety other laborers. The necessary result would be the death of nine hundred human beings. It is, moreover, perfectly clear, that since nine hundred and ninety men, driven by hunger, will press upon the subsistence which is only sufficient to support one hundred, the ten capitalists will have the command of the market. They will obtain laborers on the hardest conditions, for they will employ the lowest bidders. And observe this: If the hearts of these capitalists are filled with sentiments of benevolence, which prompt them to submit to personal privations in order to diminish the sufferings of some of their brethren, this generosity, which appertains to the category of morals, would be no less noble in its principle than useful in its effects. But if dupes of that false philanthropy which seeks to mix itself up with the laws of political economy, they attempt to remuner-

ate labor largely, so far from doing good they will do mischief. They may, to be sure, give double wages. But then forty-five men will be better subsisted, while forty-five others will go to increase the number of those whom the grave is yawning to receive. In the case supposed, it is not the low rate of wages that constitutes the real distress, but the scarcity of capital.—The lowness of wages is not the cause, but the effect of the evil. I may add that it is even, in some measure, a remedy for it. It operates in such a way as to divide the pressure of suffering as much as that can be done, and saves as many lives as a limited quantity of food will allow to be saved. Suppose, now, that instead of ten capitalists there were a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred: is it not evident that the condition of the whole tribe would be more and more improved? Is it not evident that, all considerations of generosity out of the question, they would obtain more work, and a better price for their work? that they themselves will find it more within their reach to accumulate capital, without its being possible to assign limits to the constantly increasing facility of realizing equality and comfort?—How foolish they would be, if they embraced doctrines and abandoned themselves to acts of such a nature as to dry up the sources of wages, to paralyze the main-spring and stimulus of accumulation. Let them then learn this lesson: without doubt capital is good for those who have it—who denies it? but it is also good for those who have not yet been able to accumulate it, and it is important to those who have none themselves that others should have it.

Yes, if the working classes knew their true interests, they would inquire with the greatest care what

are the circumstances favorable or unfavorable to accumulation, in order that they might promote the former and discourage the latter. They would welcome with joy every measure which tends to the rapid formation of capital. They would be enthusiastic for peace, liberty, order, security, harmony between classes and nations,—economy, moderation, in public expenditures—simplicity in the mechanism of government; for it is under the dominion of all these circumstances that accumulation does its work—puts abundance within the reach of the masses—brings to the formation of capital even those who before were obliged to borrow on hard conditions. They would reject with energy the warlike spirit which diverts from its true end so large an amount of human labor—the spirit of monopoly which disturbs that equitable distribution of wealth which liberty alone is able to realize—the multiplicity of public services which quarter themselves upon the treasury only to cramp our liberty—and finally, those subversive, hateful and inconsiderate doctrines which alarm capital and prevent its accumulation, drive it away, and, in a word, raise its price to the injury, above all others, of the working men to whom it gives employment.

How severe a lesson in that respect was the Revolution of February? Is it not evident that the insecurity to which it exposed the whole business of the country in every department, the introduction of those fatal doctrines to which I have alluded, and which, originating in the clubs, nearly possessed themselves of the Legislature, everywhere raised the rate of interest? Is it not evident that from that time it was more difficult for the laboring classes to procure those materials, implements and provi-

sions without which labor is impossible? Is it not that which causes cessation from work, and does not cessation of work bring on, in its turn, the reduction of wages? And thus it is that the working classes are thrown out of employment by the same cause which burthens, with an increase of price in proportion to the rise of interest, the objects which they consume. Rise of interest, reduction of wages—that is to say, in other words, if the objects of consumption remain at the same price, the share of the capitalist, without benefit to him, encroaches upon that of the laborer.

One of my friends, who was employed to investigate the condition of the industry of Paris, assured me that the manufacturers informed him of a very striking fact, which proves better than it could be done by any reasoning, how injurious are insecurity and uncertainty to the accumulation of capital. It had been remarked, that during the gloomiest period, the expenses of the people for mere amusement had not diminished. The minor theatres, the places of amusement at the city gates, the taverns, the tobacco shops, were as much frequented as in the most prosperous times. The workmen themselves explained this phenomenon as follows: "Why save? who knows what fate awaits us? who knows but that interest will be abolished? who knows but that the State, becoming a universal lender without interest, will render abortive all the fruits that we might expect from our frugality?" I do not hesitate to say, that if such ideas were to prevail generally for only two years, it would be sufficient to reduce our beautiful France to the condition of Turkey. Poverty would become general and endemic; and most assuredly the first to suffer would be the poorest people.

Working-men, they tell you a great deal about the artificial organization of labor. Do you know why? It is because they are ignorant of the laws of its natural organization; that is to say, of that wonderful organization which results from liberty. You are told that liberty developes what is called the radical antagonism of classes; that it creates and pits against each other two conflicting interests, that of the capitalists and that of the working classes. But they ought to begin by proving that this antagonism exists by the decree of nature; and then it would remain to be demonstrated how the system of *constraint* would be any better than that of *liberty*, for between liberty and constraint I see no middle ground. It would also remain to be demonstrated that constraint will always be exercised for your benefit and to the prejudice of the rich. But no; this radical antagonism, this natural opposition of interests, does not exist. It is only a bad dream of perverted and delirious imaginations. No; a plan so defective never emanated from the Divine mind. To affirm it, you must begin by denying God. And behold, how, by virtue of the natural laws of society, and simply because men freely exchange among themselves their labors and their products—behold what a bond of harmony unites the several classes with each other. There are first the proprietors of land; what is their interest? That the earth should be fruitful and the sun bountiful; and what is the result? Why that corn is abundant, that its price falls, and the bounty of nature redounds to the advantage of those who have inherited no patrimony. Then there are the manufacturers; what is their constant aim? To improve their work, to increase the power of their machinery, to pro-

cure raw materials on the best terms. And to what does all this tend? To the abundance and low price of their products; that is to say, all the efforts of the manufacturers, unconsciously to themselves, are turned to the profit of the great body of consumers, of whom you are a part. And so it is in all pursuits. Even the capitalists are not exempt from this law. Behold them busy heaping up, economizing, laying out to the best advantage. It is well; but the better they succeed, the more they contribute to the abundance of capital and the lowering of interest. Now who profits by the reduction of interest? Is it not the borrower in the first place, and ultimately the consumer of the articles which capital assists in producing?

It is, then, certain that the final result of the efforts of each class is the common good of all.

You are told that capital tyrannizes over labor. I do not dispute that every one endeavors to turn his situation to the best account, but in that respect they can only attain what is possible. Now, it is never possible for capital to tyrannize

over labor, except when it is scarce, for then it dictates the law and sets the laborers to underbidding each other. This tyranny is never more impossible than when capital is abundant, for in that case it is labor which commands.

Away, then, with class jealousies, ill will, groundless hatreds, unreasonable distrusting. These depraved passions are hurtful to those who nourish them in their bosoms.—This is not mere moral declamation; it is a concentration of causes and effects, susceptible of being vigorously and mathematically demonstrated; and it is not the less sublime, because it satisfies the understanding as well as the heart.

I sum up this whole dissertation in these words: Working men, laborers, men of the destitute and suffering classes—do you desire to ameliorate your condition? You will never succeed by disturbance, insurrection, hatred and error. But there are three things which, while they advance the prosperity of the whole community, cannot fail to extend their benefits to you. These are PEACE, LIBERTY, and SECURITY.

LINES.

Some unseen Angel floats above thy head,
And the invisible glory of his wings
Upon thy gentle face is softly shed;
Thou wear'st the blossom of thy eighteen Springs
Without a spot upon it; if a leaf
Of thy young heart hath ever known a stain,
Thy guardian spirit kissed it pure again,
With the first tear of thy repentant grief.
Until I knew thee, maiden—till I felt
A wish to meet thee in that loftier state
Where e'en thine eyes shall shine with purer light,
On Heaven, as home, no thought of mine had dwelt;
But thou hast dawned upon my starless fate
Like a sweet morn that bringeth golden dreams
Of deathless Edens, and of happy streams
Unto some wearied watcher of the night.

ESTCOURT:

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FRANCES.

"Ah, my dear Frank!" said Estcourt some days after this scene, and laughing as he spoke, "is that you sighing there? Why you really are the most love sick looking swain I have ever seen! where is little Miss Frances?"

"I don't know, cousin," returned Frank, who was sitting buried in a reverie upon one of the wicker seats, on the lawn, beneath the spreading oaks, "I was thinking of your going away."

"Don't let that annoy you—a few years will bring me back safe and sound."

"A few years!"

"Yes, that is not long for a traveler, is it?"

"It makes me melancholy."

And honest Frank gazed wistfully at his companion.

"Don't be unreasonable, my boy," said Estcourt, "I require the grand tour to complete my education. I shall return some of these days when you least expect me, and settle down into an honest Virginia planter, with you and our little lady, who must manage the estate during my absence. There, my dear Frank, don't think further on the subject. Where is Frances?"

"I see her yonder," said Frank sadly; as he spoke the young lady seeing Estcourt drew near.

Her eyes were wet with tears, and she looked at him with such a wild, despairing look, that a tremor

ran through his frame, and his cheeks grew even paler than their wont. By an immense effort, however, he forced a smile, and holding out his hand, said:

"I think you too regret my departure, dear. That is news grateful to me, for it proves how much you love me."

The girl's hand was as cold as marble, as it lay lifeless now in his own; and her eyes had never for an instant lost their haggard expression of suffering.

"My little sister does not look well to-day," said Estcourt, pressing the hand which he held, with paternal kindness, "fie! 'tis naughty in you, my dear, to sit up reading romances, at the expense of your roses!"

The words seemed to impress the girl painfully. She looked at Estcourt with silent reproach; and, unable to repress her feelings, two large tears rolled down the white cheeks, and she sobbed.

"I—have not—been reading romances!" she said, "I have been thinking of your going away."

"Ah?"

"How can you leave us?"

The tone of the words sent a thrill through Estcourt's heart, and the sudden flush in his cheek showed how deeply he was moved.

"I must," he murmured.

"You will go!"

"My dear Frances," said Estcourt,

violently suppressing all exhibition of emotion, and speaking in a tone of great kindness, "this voyage is—necessary—at the present moment. I shall not even find it in my power to remain to your marriage. The grand tour has always presented itself to me, surrounded by every attraction—and, at this moment, I find the desire to make this journey quite as irresistible. You will not doubt that I love and remember you—however far you may be from me:—you will not be wanting upon your part my child I know. I have loved you well, and dearly—with more tenderness I think, and it pains me greatly to leave you. But this separation will not be for many years doubtless. In all my journeyings I will think of you, as of one whom I loved and cherished. You will sometimes think of me too—will you not?"

And with his air of gracious kindness, Estcourt looked into the agitated face, inquiringly.

The words and the look, so full of tenderness and sweetness, were too much for the girl. Following her impulsive nature, and unable to suppress her feelings, she extended her arms toward Estcourt as though she would throw herself upon his bosom:—then suddenly letting them fall at her side, appeared about to faint. Estcourt passed his arm around her, and the pallor, which

for an instant had invaded her countenance, was succeeded by a crimson blush.

Trembling and agitated, she allowed herself to be supported to the house; and this support was afforded by Estcourt, Frank exhibiting much less anxiety in regard to the young lady's condition, than might have been expected in a gentleman sustaining toward her, so tender a relation as that of accepted lover.

The girl declared with many tears and blushes that she was not unwell; did not need any assistance:—and quickly withdrew from Estcourt's side, taking unconsciously the arm of Frank. Estcourt felt again the old pang agitate his heart, and a smile of proud bitterness convulsed his pale lips. It disappeared almost instantly, however; and with gentle courtesy he assisted the young lady to enter the mansion.

"There, there, my dear Frances," he said, "you must take better care of yourself. You know I go in three days, and I do not wish to depart, with your face pale and sad. 'Twould be a bad companion on my way!"

She replied with a sob only; and hastened to her chamber.—Estcourt calmly sought his study, and Frank was left alone.

Why did he look so gloomy?

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRANCES TEMPLE'S JOURNAL.

.... "He is going.—I have tried three several times to write the words, but could not. Oh why am I made to suffer so; why is all my happiness taken from me just when I thought my life was all sunshine? I can scarcely write for the tears

which are blinding me, and my bosom seems oppressed with a weight which prevents me almost from breathing!

.... "He is going away!—for years—it may be, never to return, never! never! And he goes with-

out dreaming of—of what I am ashamed to write—of my secret—of my feelings! Yes! of my love! My cheeks burn as I write the words, but I do love him!—dearly, dearly!—and it is not wrong! Oh! how could I help it! He has been so dear and kind to me; he took me a poor homeless orphan, and surrounded me with comfort and happiness. He gave me what was a thousand and ten thousand times more precious, his tender care and brother's love!—

But I—I love him more than if he were my brother. I will write it all in my despair, and then burn the sheet, that my unmaidenly feelings may not be known—but oh! I must write it. There is no one to tell it to; the secret almost crushes me with its weight—I must tell it to this blank paper I feel, or sink beneath the burden. I love him deeply and truly, and there is no shame in it. I could not help it—I do not see how any woman could know him and not love him. Never before have I seen such a nature—and it is his nature which I love so. A romantic girl might admire his noble face, his voice so musical and kind to all around him—to high and low—so kind that the very servants love him, and hasten to anticipate his slightest wishes; a young girl might have her fancy caught by these outward attractions, so rare and fascinating, but 'tis not so with me. I love his heart—his kind noble nature—that nobility and simple truth which glows in all his words and actions. If 'tis immodest I cannot help it—I pray for pardon—but I must not conceal it—I cannot.

“Was ever woman so wofully placed as I am! I am engaged to one whom I do not love, and I love another. I saw it was *his* wish—I despaired of conciliating *his* affec-

tion—and in an evil hour I gave a cold hand to his child. I could not win his love, I said; at least, however, I could obey his sacred wish:—and I promised to marry one whom I did not love. Unhappy—sinful—promise! But my word is given—I am utterly wretched, but firm. He shall not suffer from any act of mine.

“And now he leaves us; perhaps I shall never see him again. Even the melancholy happiness of seeing his face daily, is denied me! Oh me! If I could go to him and tell him all! If I could say, as men can to women—‘I love you deeply for your kindness and goodness, and cannot feel ashamed of it!’ But I never could! If I could resolve to wound him thus, by wounding his son, the words would choke me. I would die rather than open my lips—as women have died ere this, I am convinced. To be met with surprise and a look of wonder!—to be listened to with an air of strange astonishment—to be answered, ‘Dear Frances you pain me, and must not ask me to love you more than a brother!’—to hear him say, ‘My little sister, this is all a school-girl’s romance—go play with Frank!’—and then for him to mutter as I went away, ‘So much for an education on the stage, among ill-bred people!’—such a scene would kill me! I should never hold up my head afterward! I live for him only—for his good opinion and affection; his smile makes me happy,—I think his frown or bad opinion would fill me with wretchedness!

“At least he shall not have reason to think ill of me. I will shut up my misery in my own bosom, and meet him calmly, with a smile. This evening my feelings overcame me, and I have bitterly blamed myself for yielding to them. But I

felt so utterly wretched that I could not control my agitation,—I shall not allow it again to master me. I shall preserve my calmness;—give my hand where I cannot give

my heart—and expiate the crime throughout an entire life. Nothing but his wish would move me to act thus.

“May heaven have pity on us all!”

CHAPTER XXV.

GILBERT'S LAST ATTEMPT.

The time of Estcourt's departure came at last. He was to take his sailboat at the Fairfield wharf—proceed down the river to Portsmouth—and there get on board the brig which would convey him to Europe.

Gilbert, his sister, Frances and Frank had all come from Williamsburg on the preceding evening, to enjoy the last moments of their friend's society—and every one had remained in the parlor very late, listening to him who was about to leave them. Never had Estcourt presented an appearance of greater calmness and kindness. He forcibly suppressed his bitter regret—schooled his rebellious countenance into rigid subjection—and now when he was on the point of leaving all that was dear to him in the world, to say nothing of the woman whom he loved, and who was soon to become the wife of another—now, at this critical and trying moment, Estcourt displayed the most cheerful equanimity; and indeed his conversation was the life of the entire party.

“You and Frances will manage the estate carefully if you please, my youngster,” he said to Frank at length with a smile, “some of these days I shall return and hold you to a rigid account. And as for you, Gilbert, I expect to find your walls covered with leagues of canvass—miles of pictures. Let me recommend to you the annals of our own province. Surely there

are few grander themes than the noble young Hansford going to execution—or Major Cheeseman's wife spurned by the poor false gentleman, Sir William Berkley—or Pocahontas rescuing the gallant Captain Smith. This latter, above all, impresses me as very grand—and I have a selfish interest in it. You know I am descended from our Princess—a better royalty I think than that of the Tudors, or the Capets;—at least I prefer it.”

And Estcourt smiled in the most cheerful way as he spoke.

“I believe I *will* try to paint Pocahontas,” said Gilbert with a rapid and penetrating glance at his friend, “but I think there is a finer scene in her life than the rescue of Smith.”

“Ah! I never heard of it. Possible? To what do you allude?”

“I allude to her marrying Rolfe—when all the time she was dead in love with Captain Smith.”

And Gilbert, with a careless turn of the head, fixed his eyes unconsciously upon Frances.

His meaning flushed upon the girl like lightning. A sudden rush of blood to her cheeks, which made them crimson, betrayed the terrible intensity of her agitation; and she raised her hand to her heart as if she were about to faint.

As to Estcourt, he did not dream of this side scene;—turned away from the girl, he did not see her agitation, as indeed did no one else

but the painter. With an easy smile, he now said:

"Ah! is that true, Gilbert? Was Pocahontas *in love*, as you say, with her knight?"

"Yes—dead in love. You can't read her life without seeing it."

"Was't not the other way? Was not Smith in love with her—she with the youthful Rolfe?"

Again the crimson flush invaded the girl's cheeks, but she did not speak.

"No," returned Gilbert, "her history was just this: She fell in love with Smith, as any girl might, for he was not only a brave and noble fellow, as true as steel, and all that a brave woman could desire; he was also one of the most graceful and handsome gallants ever seen—just thirty-eight years of age, and in the full bloom of manhood. Well Pocahontas loved him. But what did this unreasonable Captain do? Why he goes away—drives Pocahontas to despair—and they tell her he is dead—that he wished her to marry Rolfe—and she married him."

Frances held her hand on her throbbing heart, and remained as rigid as a statue.

"Afterwards," continued Gilbert, "she and Smith met in London. Do you recollect their interview? She cried, and reproached him for forgetting her—and told him of the report that he was dead—and loved him more than her legal master—Mr. Rolfe. That's about the truth of the matter."

And Gilbert looked again at Frances. It was only for an instant—but that was enough. He saw all—his acute mind had penetrated her secret.

As to Estcourt, he had not changed a muscle; and now he said:

"Very well, if that is all true, my

friend, you could make quite a handsome picture. Of course you'd put Smith in the background of the marriage scene in the old church at Jamestown—concealed behind a buttress—Smith with corrugated brows, clenched teeth, and his hand on his sword—would you not?"

And Estcourt smiled.

"No," said Gilbert gloomily, "if I introduced him at all, it would be in the foreground, saying, with a smile, 'Take her, my dear Rolfe, with my full consent. 'Tis true the little thing loves me, but I'm a generous fellow—come! get married!' I could't paint the words well, but I could the expression."

Gilbert did not dare to turn toward Frances this time; but he looked gloomily again at his friend.

"Well, well," said Estcourt, defying the glance, "carry out your idea. But we give too much time to discussions about painting. Can I send you home anything? Or you, my dear Miss Gilbert—or you, young people? Let every one state the particular object of their desires. I shall have time enough in Europe—it will be amusement."

And thus the conversation turned to other subjects.

At last every one sadly retired—Frank apparently the gloomiest of all. He had preserved this expression for many days, to the extreme surprise of Gilbert; and indeed the young man seemed completely and permanently out of spirits.

When all were gone but Estcourt and Gilbert, the latter drew near to his friend and said in a low tone:

"That woman loves you!"

"Loves me! whom do you mean?" said Estcourt starting, as he wiped his brow after the trying scene he had gone through.

"I mean Miss Frances Temple."

"Gilbert, you are mad!"

"I am perfectly sane. You did not see her when I spoke of Pocahontas and Smith, and painted you in the character of the latter—"

"Did not see her! Why what can you mean?"

"She turned as crimson as that curtain, and at one moment I was sure she would faint."

"You are mad!" cried Estcourt, leaning forward in his chair and almost trembling.

"I tell you it's so."

"You dream! You see what does not exist!"

"And you are blind—yea high gravel blind! As blind as a mole! I tell you she loves you!"

Estcourt again wiped the cold dews from his pale forehead; and sank back in his chair silent. He remained thus for some moments, alternately looking at the door through which the girl had disappeared, and at his friend. At last his self-possession returned, and he gradually passed from agitation to calmness—from calmness to smiles.

"What a strange mind you have, Gilbert!" he said with an air of banter, "never did I see such a mania for penetrating human emotions and reading countenances. But like all subtle minds as I've ere now told you, you overdo the work. You see absurdities, my dear fellow."

"I see the truth!" cried Gilbert, "for heaven's sake drop your affections here in private with me. They do not deceive me!"

"Well you are right," returned Estcourt, permitting the gloom to return to his countenance, "that is just, and here, at least, I need not put on my mask. But I none the less tell you, Gilbert, that in this you are the victim of a pure hallucination. You take the blush of timidity, or one caused by the heat of the room, for the agitation springing from—"

"The room is not warm," interrupted Gilbert, "it is quite cool."

"Very well—have it as you will. But I assure you that this is the wildest fancy."

"And I swear to you 'tis gospel truth, or I'm a ninny."

"It is not possible!" murmured Estcourt, moved somewhat by the profound air of conviction in his friend, and knitting his brows with a painful expression, "that would be indeed unfortunate and unhappy!"

"However, it may be it is so."

"Oh no! Gilbert! I cannot dream such a misfortune to be true. You are deceived."

"I tell you I'm not, Estcourt; and I shall assert it no more. Act as seems proper to you—I announce the truth to you, and am done. The rest lies with yourself. 'Tis for you to say what you will do, loving this woman as you acknowledge—and beloved by her as you are. Such action as appears desirable you will of course take."

"Assuredly," said Estcourt, raising his head calmly and speaking in his tone of noble sincerity, "and my proper course of action is very plain. Gilbert, my boy—the son of the woman who should have been my wife—loves this girl. His love is necessary to the happiness of his life—if she wishes, she shall marry him; and in the decision of that question I will have no part or agency. It may be that your fancy is so far just, that this young lady has conceived for me as great or greater affection even, than for Frank—but of that I shall not take advantage to his prejudice. No, Gilbert! I should despise myself then!—and, heaven aiding me, I will never make that possible! Doubtless 'tis the mere fancy of a girl—this feeling for myself, if indeed it exist at all—and after marriage she will no longer cherish it. The

duties of matrimony—the nurture of children—the love of a kind companion, making love in return, a habit of the wife's nature;—this in any case would obliterate all memory of the momentary dream of girlhood—as it does often. You see, Gilbert, that I combat your argument, taking for granted your singular belief. In any case I go—yes, I must go—let us not further argue, my dear friend. I do my duty, leaving to a merciful heaven, which penetrates our hidden motives, and the secrets of all hearts, the entire issue of events. Now let us retire, friend—I must be stirring early.”

And Estcourt rose.

“Well, so let it be,” returned Gilbert with a profound sigh, “I find myself unable to combat your iron obstinacy—your will, if it please you better. Go, then, Estcourt;—go, led by a chimerical sense of honor. After all, if you really think it your duty, you would be miserable if you were to remain. There is the great compliment—my last tribute. Good-night.”

And the friends separated.—Scarcely any one but Miss Gilbert slept that night. If every roof of every house were uncovered—what a tragic comedy would play itself before the spectator!

CHAPTER XXVI.

ESTCOURT DEPARTS.

The boat which was to convey Estcourt to the port from which he would sail, lay at the old wharf of the estate, and his traveling trunks had already been carried on board.

Every negro upon the plantation had abandoned his work to come and bid his master good-bye; and it was a most affecting scene, this assemblage of rude Africans, uncouth in their expressions, and the exhibition of emotion, but one and all, filled with the liveliest regret, at the departure of him whom they loved. The mothers had even brought their babies to see the master go; and a universal gloom was depicted in every face.

“See, Gilbert,” said Estcourt, smiling, “I think these honest Africans are unwilling for me to depart. An ill-natured person might say ’twas because they feared an exchange of masters—a harsh, in place of an easy, good-humored one. But this would not be true; they all love Frank, who is apt to

indulge them more than I have done—so I am at liberty to smile in the face of my imaginary ill-natured critic, and say that following their natures, these unaffected children as it were, really do regret me. See, there is mammy weeping!”

And going to an old negress who was sitting at some distance, Estcourt took her hand, and pressing it, gave the old soul a bright smile and bade her not be sorry—he would soon return.

We need not detail the manner in which “mammy” received this speech. Awkward and unskilled hands have cast an air of ridicule upon the beautiful and touching provincialisms, so to speak, of our domestics;—let the scene pass unpainted. It was with a warm pressure of the hand and an earnest blessing from the old woman that Estcourt went away at last—and then in turn, he bade farewell to Gilbert, his sister, Frances, Frank, and each servant.

Frances stood perfectly calm and still—her cheeks very pale ;—but here all exhibition of emotion stopped. Frank, however, appeared profoundly moved—and more than once he seemed about to say something, which never, however, passed his lips.

Estcourt pressed his hand last of all, and this pressure made the lips of the impulsive boy quiver. Estcourt did not notice it—but taking with his other hand, that of Frances, placed it in the young man's.

It lay there passively ;—and Estcourt turned away with a sudden pallor. In another moment he was on board—the boat was pushed from the bank—and Estcourt waved

a last farewell, which was replied to by a melancholy murmur.

The boat plunged her cut-water into the waves, and her white sails filling, ran rapidly down the stream, and was lost behind a jutting headland.

In half an hour the wharf was deserted—every one had retired to make preparations for their return to Williamsburg.

Frances was sitting in her chamber sobbing as though her heart would break, when a servant tapped at the door, and coming in, gave her a letter. He then retired—and looking at the hand-writing, Frances saw that the letter was from Frank.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRANK'S LETTER.

Had Mr. Frank Hay seen the expression of the young girl's countenance as she recognized his writing, and opened the letter, he would not have fancied that he occupied any very prominent position in her thoughts.

It was almost with painful weariness and dissatisfaction, that Frances broke the seal. Indeed the reception of the letter was that which is generally given to a disagreeable and unwelcomed visitor ;—and the young lady held the sheet for some moments, without taking the trouble to glance at it.

She then sighed deeply—turned her head toward a window opening on the river landscape, searching on the distant mirror, it appeared, for the white sail of the brig which bore away him whom she loved ;—then sighing wearily again, she read the letter.

It was in the following words :

"My dear cousin Frances :

"I find myself in one of the most painful situations which it is possible for a man to conceive himself placed in ;—and it is only after long and troubled thought, and more than one sleepless night that I have come to the determination that I ought to reveal everything to you ; and even at the risk of wounding your feelings, as well as of incurring your contempt, open my heart to you, fully and freely.

"I had better write the words plainly and simply, though the effort makes me blush for shame, and almost unnerves me. I must ask you to release me from my engagement.

"If you knew the bitter shame and self-contempt I feel in writing these words you would not think so harshly of me, as I know you do, now that you have read my unmanly and repulsive proposal. But

I cannot do otherwise—and I shall now proceed to explain myself.

"Before I saw you for the first time, I made the acquaintance of a young lady whom you have known lately—Miss Ellen Crafton. I conceived an affection for her, which I could not control; and indeed proceeded to every length but a direct proposal for her hand in marriage. This was the state of things when I saw you, and you know the history of our connection. I loved and admired you, and do now, deeply and truly—and this feeling was further increased by your suffering through that coarse manager. Carried away by the sympathy and admiration which I felt for you, and never seeing Miss Crafton—I fancied I loved you;—and in due time asked you to marry me. You declined my proposal, and the disappointment only made the possession of your heart more ardently coveted by me—as almost always happens, I am told. In due time I addressed you again—and this time you accepted me; chiefly on the ground, I fear, that cousin Edmund wished you to marry me. Since our engagement, I have seen Miss Crafton again—repeatedly seen her at the house of Mr. Gilbert—and her unprotected condition, her grief, and the misfortunes which she has undergone, have had a strange effect upon my feelings. I cannot help loving her far more deeply and tenderly than ever—and I lift from my breast a load which has borne me down for weeks, by telling you frankly my feelings. I love her so much, that to marry any other woman, even yourself, would make me wretched.

"You despise me. I know all that—but I can't prevent it. And yet think—there are extenuating points. I must at the altar promise

to 'love and cherish' you—more than I love any other, is of course implied. Can I honestly promise that, Frances? You give me your whole heart, let me say—is it honest for me to give you but *half* my own? I take the painful, distressing, what the world will call the unworthy and unmanly course of asking a release—a course which, as I continue to regard it, appears more and more that of duty and propriety. You will think me silly, fickle, unstable;—it is all true. I am 'unstable as water;'—indeed, Frances, and with the utmost sincerity and honesty—I am unworthy of you.

"One thing only serves to mitigate my shame;—the doubt whether you do indeed love me. That you love me as your friend and cousin, I doubt not;—but do you prefer me to all else in the world—or rather *could* you not love another more deeply? It has seemed to me that there was a desire simply to please cousin Edmund in your engagement—was it so? But I venture upon dangerous ground; my place is to excuse myself, not to interrogate you.

"Well now, Frances, you have my whole heart laid open before you. I dread revealing this to cousin Edmund, who tolerates no breach of faith—no fickleness—who will suffer deeply if he knows of my weakness. I shall let him go away in ignorance—indeed I have not the courage to tell him. Strong and resolute himself, he cannot understand my feeble vacillation. I think 'twill be best to leave him ignorant—whatever happens.

"You know all now, Frances. You will not despise me too much, will you? I write with a heavy heart, and burning cheeks—but write I must. Try not to banish entirely from your respect and af-

fection, one who cannot be strong and true, because he was made feeble and fickle.

"Your cousin, FRANK."

This was the letter which the young lady read, and its effect upon her was strange and remarkable.

Instead of contempt and consternation, and wounded pride, her face displayed the fullest satisfaction; almost an expression of delight indeed at times came to her eyes. She read the words rapidly, turning quickly from the bottom of one page to the top of the next; and having at last reached the end, let the sheet fall, with a sigh of mournful pleasure.

"Heaven be thanked!" she murmured, "at last I shall not be led to the altar, a cold automaton, extending a marble hand, and pretending that the heart goes with it. Heaven spares me this torture—and now I can tell him—Oh! yes I can say to him—'I did not disobey your wishes—'twas not my act which broke off this marriage which you desired!' Now I can think of him, day after day, and month after month!—in the morning and the evening—and at night!

That will be my happiness, what happiness! What a blessing compared with that which I dreaded, and looked forward to with so much horror. Instead of making a false promise, and leading a life of deception as Frank's wife—I may now dedicate my waking hours to the thoughts of his kind face, his noble character! Oh Frank! Frank! you don't know how I love you for this! I honor and admire your courage—your sincerity! Had anything been wanting to my utter wretchedness after marrying you, it would have been the discovery that you loved another!—I will go at once and tell him!" cried the girl rising and arranging her hair quickly, "he must not suffer unnecessarily! How sincere and brave it was to write and tell me! We shall be greater friends than ever—and he shall marry Ellen Crafton—it was noble in him to commence loving her again for her misfortune!—I will go and tell him what I think, this very moment.

"Oh, now," said the girl with blushing cheeks, and sad smiles, as she hastened from the room, "now I am again happy!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FINIS CORONAT.

Frances found the young man sitting in a disconsolate attitude upon the portico—his head drooping upon his breast, his arms hanging down, his whole bearing full of shame and gloom.

She laid one of her small white hands upon his shoulder, and looking at him with grand affection, asked him if he would walk under the oaks with her. Frank offered

his arm in a constrained way, and they walked forth; and were finally lost to view behind the foliage.

The consequence of this interview was that an hour afterwards Mr. Frank Hay, with the most joyous expressions of countenance, issued from the doorway of Fairfield, and mounting his horse galloped at full speed, laughing and as gay

as a lark toward Williamsburg—or toward Miss Ellen Crafton, whichever the reader pleases.

Frances watched him for a moment with an expression of pensive sadness;—and then banishing the young man from her thoughts, she turned toward the river, searching in vain for that distant sail, which had disappeared like a sea-fowl behind the foliage, of the river's bank. As her yearning gaze thus sought for some trace of him who had left her, the emotion of the young lady seemed by degrees to master her, and banish every thought but one. Her eyes filled with tears—the tender lips quivered—and raising one hand to her brow, she cried silently, the large tears trickling between her fingers.

This access of emotion soon yielded, however, and wiping the moisture from her eyes, Frances entered the mansion—looking around as it were for memorials of him. She seemed to seek him everywhere—to strive to revive his outline, and impress it indelibly upon her heart. It was scarcely necessary—the whole of this pure, warm heart, was devoted to him, and could never lose his image.

Thus step by step the girl passed through the apartments he was wont to use—one by one she gazed at those objects which brought him, from association, more vividly to her memory—and when finally she sought her chamber, she could not realize that he had departed;—she listened for his voice on the staircase, or the footsteps of his horse on the road without.

Hour after hour passed thus—the girl remaining silent and motionless. Then she was summoned to return to Williamsburg—all were ready. She made her preparations and descended calmly.

Gilbert and his sister were al-

ready in the carriage;—in compliance with the wish of Frances, however, her small horse, a present from Estcourt, had been saddled for herself; and she now mounted, feeling refreshed, and somewhat less sad, as the cool wind of evening blew upon her cheek and fluttered the ribbands of her chip hat.

The carriage proceeded upon its way—and the young lady followed slowly.

She had passed over the space of a mile or two, and was some distance from the chariot which went along at its leisure; when raising her head, Frances saw through an opening in the wood, the roofs of the small cottage, with which the reader is familiar.

She checked her horse, and leaning her cheek upon her hand, gazed for some moments with swimming eyes, when this last object bringing back, more forcibly than all other things, the image of Estcourt. Here she had first heard his kind and sympathetic voice—here had she discovered their relationship—the very roofs *looked like him*;—and almost without reflection, the girl touched her horse with the whip; and taking a bye-road, through the forest, rapidly rode toward the cottage.

In a quarter of an hour she reached it; and dismounting with the care of a practiced rider, secured her horse and opened the little gate.

As she advanced thus toward the familiar old building, the girl could not suppress the tears which rushed to her eyes;—and at last came a nervous tremor, which made her look around for some place to sit.

None was visible without;—and unconsciously she turned the knob. The door opened—Frances advanced a step—and then she stopped as if some magical spell had arrested her.

Before her, in the chair which she had occupied on that evening of her flight—here now sat Estcourt, with drooping shoulders, listless hands, hanging idly at his side; and a countenance which had the air of a somnambulist's. His eyes were fixed with a vacant expression upon the wall;—his lips were slightly parted;—crouching thus as it were, he would have resembled a statue of reverie, had not a painful contraction of lip and brow, at times indicated the depth of his woful meditation. Looking closer, it was plain that a profound despair had plunged him into this abyss of thought;—and rising suddenly with a deep groan, he clasped his hands passionately, and strode toward the door.

The figure of Frances, standing upon the threshold, encountered his gaze; and recoiling with a shudder, he looked at her in silence. She never forgot those burning eyes, set in the pale face—those eyes which for a moment looked at her, as though she had been a spirit.

"Tis only me, cousin," murmured Frances, coming to his side and taking his cold hand;—then looking at him with a sad smile which shone through the tears in which her eyes swam, as a beam of April sunlight shines through rain; "Was it wrong in me to come here cousin?" she said, "I am very sorry if my coming has displeased you."

The sight of the sorrowful sweet face seemed to calm Estcourt almost instantly;—the familiar voice, with its kind music, full of a sad tranquility and soothing softness, acted upon his agitated nerves like a spell. Holding the small fingers in his own, and gazing wistfully into the face of the girl, Estcourt said in a low voice:

"Pardon me Frances—I believe

I am not very well to-day; leaving you all has agitated me—and this house exerts a singular influence upon my heart. If I looked harshly at you, as I fear I did, you will pardon me—will you not?"

His voice had regained all its sweetness as he ended, and looking at the girl with his kind sad eyes, he added:

"You do not displease me—no indeed my dear Frances. That would be quite impossible. I left my boat yonder, and came hither to make my farewell to some old familiar scenes! And now, pray what could have brought my little cousin to so gloomy a place?"

The girl did not answer;—perhaps she distrusted herself; for at this conclusive moment she felt all her affection for him rush upon her in a flood which made her eyes swim, and her lip quiver.

He saw her agitation, and found it utterly impossible to comprehend it.

"Did curiosity make you venture so far out of your way?" he said, gazing sadly at the drooping face.

"I wished to see the place where we first met," she murmured in a voice nearly inaudible. The effort was beyond her strength.—Covering her face with both hands she burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Estcourt felt a thrill of bitter joy agitate his bosom. Then he was something more to her than the best beloved cousin—she loved him deeply, whatever might be the nature of that love. The conviction, however, only added to his gloom; and, as on a thousand occasions before, he saw the necessity of controlling himself.

He would have given all he possessed on earth to have drawn the weak head to his bosom, and wiped away the streaming tears;—but by an immense effort he did not ap-

proach the girl, or indicate in any manner the strength of his emotion.

"There, dear Frances," he said with simple kindness, "do not cry. You wound me to the heart by those tears. Will you let me go away with so sad a memory?—Come, Frances, dry your eyes, and smile again—will you not?"

The girl obeyed—and in a few moments had so far checked her agitation as to be able to look calmly and uncomplainingly at her companion.

"You must not seek these sad scenes and emotions in future, my dear," said Estcourt, "they are not wholesome for young hearts.—Strive to imitate Frank, who is gay and happy—as his wife, you must look bright, you know."

The girl shook her head and said:

"I shall not be his wife, cousin."

"Not his wife!"

"No, cousin—this letter will explain what I mean."

And taking from her pocket Frank's letter, the young lady opened it and handed it to Estcourt. He read it with the greatest haste and agitation; and despite the angry flush which broke forth from his eyes and forehead, he could not control the expression of profound delight. Then suddenly letting his hand fall, he gazed at the girl and said:

"When did you receive this, Frances?"

"To-day, cousin."

"And with what feelings?"

"With—with—some surprise—but; must I be frank, cousin?"

"I pray you to be so!"

"Then it did not cause me any pain—I am ashamed to say, it even made me happy. You will not understand me, and I fear I shall forfeit your good opinion," the girl went on in a faltering voice, "but—but—I did not—love Frank, cousin!"

And her eyes sank to the floor.

"Why then engage yourself?" muttered Estcourt.

"Did not—you wish it?"

The words were only a murmur;—the South wind in the oaks could not have been lower;—and Estcourt's heart expanded with a thrill of strange, wild joy.

Then Frank was not his rival! the boy actually loved another! He had told *her* so, and she was happy to be released;—had only entered into the engagement from deference to *his own* wishes! There was then no necessity for that long and painful exile—he might give up all intention of expatriating himself, to look in the pure sunshine of these beautiful eyes! And then came like a lightning flash, to crown the whole, those words which Gilbert had uttered, "Yes! she loves you!"

Estcourt was almost unable to support the sudden weight of joy which seemed to crush him. His clear eyes filled with a dazzling flame—his cheek flushed with emotion, and advancing toward the girl, unconsciously held out his arms, and murmured her name.

The girl turned, as a child does, recognizing one whom it is a delight to obey—a thrill of happiness ran through her frame at the accent of the voice—and beneath Estcourt's glance, so full of love and tenderness, her face flushed and then grew pale.

That exchange of looks left nothing unexplained—for it was the glance of two hearts which loved each other more than all the world. All clouds were cleared away in a moment;—the pure and far horizon stretched away, untouched by any mist of doubt;—in that instantaneous look, as rapid and brilliant as lightning itself, two natures spoke;—and in a moment the blushing girl lay sobbing upon the breast of the true gentleman,

who loved her with such pure devotion.

There was now no need of any explanation; a tone, a glance had revealed everything. A few murmured words mingled with the silence of the old apartment—the lips of Estcourt pressed the pure white forehead tenderly;—and two hearts long dissevered by mistake, plighted their troth.

“I must not go, then?” he murmured with a radiant smile, drawing the disordered curls from the blushing face.

And like the South wind on the trees came the whisper again:

“Oh, no!”

So ends our history—as we would have all human histories end; happily.

In due time Estcourt and Frances were married—and, if tradition

and family memorials speak the truth, they were made wife and husband. Frank was united to Miss Ellen Crafton, not long after the seventh end of the world; and Gilbert became at the same time husband of Mary Crafton. The most striking event of all, however, was the union of Mrs. McCarton and Mr. Counsellor Lincoln. That this incorrigible bachelor should have yielded to the wiles of Cupid and Hymen was regarded in Williamsburg as the most tremendous event of the period;—and single men in that borough still refer to it with a sensation of mysterious awe and terrified solemnity. Frank went into partnership with Mr. Lincoln—and marriage did not seem to invade the profits of the worthies.

Estcourt and Frances lived and died at Fairfield—and their tombstones, with those of their children, lie side by side.

Requiescat in Pace.

SONNET.

Ah me! how sweetly used my thoughts to flow!
 Even as the viewless moisture becomes dew,
 They globed themselves in words of sunniest hue;
 But now I labor with dull heart, and slow,
 Since the long silence of a voiceless woe,
 To weave my songs. Take not my gift away
 Oh God! or let me chant one noble lay,
 Then bid the angel leave me. Well I know
 That I have done my art much bitter wrong,
 Yet touch my lips once more, oh Soul of Song,
 And whatsoe'er my fate in life or death,
 Loving or loveless, flattered or forgot,
 No discontent of mine shall e'er give breath
 Unto a single plaint against my lot.

"Near the margin of the lake rises a precipitous cliff, one of whose numerous projections overhangs the water, at a perpendicular height of nearly a hundred feet; from this rock, according to a tradition still preserved among the Cherokees, an Indian girl threw herself, refusing to survive her lover, who had been slain in battle with a neighboring tribe."—WHYTE'S INDIAN LEGENDS.

Couched in the cloud-empurpled West
The fainting sun had sunk to rest,
Where late his golden glory slept,
O'er hill and heath the long mists crept,
And slowly on the dying day
Came down the evening shadows gray.

No sound the forest's stillness stirred,
Save when the swift-winged partridge whirled
In startled flight, by tangled wood
Whistling her mate and timid brood:
All was as hushed and holy there
As one who breathes an evening prayer.

But 'mid that vast cathedral dim
Woke with the wind a vesper hymn,
And from its leafy organs grand—
Touched by an unseen angel-hand—
With those articulate orisons, these
Mingled their softer symphonies.

Darkly upon the lake's broad breast
The wavering shadows calmly rest;
Close by its marge a towering crag,
Broken with many a rugged jag,
Lifted its scarred and frowning face,
The guardian genius of the place.

The mellow eve's fast-fading light
Was merging in the shades of night;
By the still wave a timid deer,
With lifted hoof, and listening ear,
Paused her a moment on the brink,
Then, all assured, had stooped to drink:

But hark! her finer sense has caught
A quick alarm; the shelter sought
Had scarce been gained, when from the glade
Forth tripped a lonely Indian maid,
So light, so swift, so soft her tread,
The flower she pressed scarce dipped its head.

Her hand a broken willow bore;
The robe of spotted fawn she wore—
Whose quaint device, with cunning skill.

Was wrought in bead and colored quill—
Over her faultless shoulders flung,
In soft and graceful foldings hung.

Stained mocsons of the roe confined
Her tiny feet; a necklace twined
Of plaited hair and ocean shell,
Rose with her dusky bosom's swell;
Those midnight locks that round her float
Would shame the raven's glossy coat.

Not surer is the wild-goat's tread
Than her firm foot, as swift she sped
From crag to crag, till 'gainst the sky
So motionless to human eye
She seemed, as if some god had there
Turned her to stone in act of prayer.

With arm outstretched, and form elate,
Like one who rules in queenly state,
Mutely awhile she paused; at length,
As though her dauntless will new strength
Had gathered from its stern intent,
The maiden poured her wild lament.

"My eagle-chief! on battle plain
Thy war-whoop ne'er shall ring again,
When foemen close in desperate strife,
And warriors strike for fame and life,
And victor shout, and vanquished cry,
Swell in the mad'ning revelry.

"Ah! broken is thy useless brand,
And nerveless now the sinewy hand
And stalwart arm whose feeblest blow
Nor hope nor succor left the foe;
The light of that fierce eye has paled,
Beneath whose flash the stoutest quailed.

"Eyes, that grew soft with tenderest love
When gazed the eagle on his dove:
Those tones, for others fraught with fear,
Fell but in whispers on *my* ear,
And thou, the bravest of thy band,
Trembled if I but touched thy hand.

"Never again in joyous chase
Thy supple limbs shall urge the race,
Outstripping far the fleetest wind
That followed laggardly behind;
The lordly bison now may roam
Unharm'd through his broad prairie home.

"And never more my willing feet
Shall run thy dear return to greet,
When, richly laden with the spoils
Of glorious war's triumphant toils,
Thy weary steps have homeward turned
To where the wigwam fires burned.

"Nor e'er may mortal maiden see
Such form of matchless symmetry,
Ravished forever from my sight
Since that accursed and cruel night,
When, by the swift E-no-ree's wave,
They laid thee in thy lonely grave,

"With bow, and spear, and dented shield,
Crimsoned on many a bloody field,
And trusty steed, and faithful hound,
Slain by the swelling burial mound,
Whose happy shades have joined once more
Their master on the spirit shore.

"But I no longer share thy fame!
And shall I brook the indignant shame
Of mating with some lesser chief,
Or—fearful doom—in bitter grief,
Thus keep for aye my virgin state,
Bereaved, forsaken, desolate?

"Shall I refuse, when but this steep
Divides our love, to take the leap?
No! by yon blessed silver grove,
Expectant of thy lingering love
Thou wait'st, and swift to share thy home,
My spirit's lord, I come, I come!"

She ceased—the dizzy height is bare—
A dark mass hurtles through the air—
A startling splash—a bubbling cry—
The deep tide closes sullenly—
The widening circles seek the shore,
And all is silent as before.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. VII.

LYONS, May 25th, 1856.

After ten days of incessant travel, making from 60 to 200 miles a day, in carriage, stage, or steamer, not to count the walking through vineyards and various towns to see the curiosities and antiquities, I had fixed upon the day when I should arrive at Lyons as a holiday. But, unfortunately, the rains which have prevailed uninterruptedly in this district for the last fifteen days, and which have produced a great freshet in the Rhone, still continue, and I am compelled to keep my holiday in a little room on the fourth floor of the *Hotel de Univers*. Under these circumstances, in order to make the time pass as agreeably as possible, I have imagined myself sitting in the front piazza at R., just after sunset of a May evening, and I think I hear you complaining of the monotony of my description of vineyards, and enquiring if I shut my eyes to everything except stony soil and little insignificant looking vines, all bare, knotted and gnarled. I assure you I have seen and observed a great many other things, but that I did not feel like writing about them, as they have been described over and over again, by every traveller from Caesar to Murray. However, I will allude to a few of the most striking objects on the route, as seen from other than an Ocnological point of view.

To commence with the Garonne: after observing my *compagnons de voyage* on the little steamboat, (whose great length, compared with its extreme narrowness, would render it a curiosity on American waters,) among them a soldier from

the Crimea, telling of his battles—a very well educated gentleman from Toulouse, who gave me a lecture on French Literature, and afterwards sent me a ticket to the annual meeting of the "*Academie des Jeux Floreux*," at Toulouse, which is the oldest literary society in Europe, and the only remaining monument of the celebrated Troubadors; and an extemporising poet, who invited us into the cabin to listen to him, and offered to make any given number of verses, of any required number of feet, on any subject that the company would propose; who, however, unfortunately for me, met with the usual fate of genius, and failed to obtain an audience—a circumstance which the conducteur of the diligence regretted exceedingly, assuring me that he was a most excellent poet; and, after chatting with a farmer about his vines (I am not going to tell you what he told me), I gave myself up to the sunshine, a bad cigar, and the contemplation of the banks of the Garonne, which was frequently interrupted by the excitement of passing under a suspension bridge, of which there are a great number on the river, and, as there was a freshet at the time, we were obliged to lower the smoke stack in order to get through, and then only by a tight squeeze.

The scenery is varied. There are spreading prairies on a level with the swollen stream, planted in Lucerne and crossed by rows of poplars and aubiers. The former are trimmed to the very tops, so that you have a tree sometimes sixty feet high without a limb, and,

only a few small branches covered with three or four handsfull of leaves, forming a sort of top knot. There are swamps edged with a tree which seemed to me to be the same as our cotton tree, and which filled the air with its white furry blooms, and there are hills of considerable height, which, coming down from one side and then from the other, seem to endeavor to catch and hem the river in. This it adroitly avoids by winding its folds around their bases, and sometimes, when they have pushed too far, the stream has torn them away and left a jagged bluff of jutting rocks, a couple of hundred feet high, to mark the boundary she has put to their advance.

It is on these hills that the traveller remarks, now and then, a ruined town or dismantled wall that indicates the site of an old feudal castle. Frequently their mouldering battlements will be seen hanging over a sheer precipice, as if they were searching for the houses of the hamlet which had first found shelter under its protecting wall, but which had long left it to place themselves under the shadow of the lombardo-gothic church, whose steeple and cross, rise from the narrow gorge below. And when you look at these little crowded villages, you can almost imagine that you see them on the move, circling round and clustering, like a flock of rice-birds, as close as can be to the church, while some stragglers, less active or more timorous, had come sliding down the steep slope, crouching behind till the roof touches the hill-side, and lengthened out two or three stories in front, as if to prevent a too rapid descent.

There is a moral of profound import, for those who will listen to it, in these deserted castles, these old grey churches, and these moss-cov-

ered villages. Turn back to the eleventh century, when the castle, in all its power, stood there upon the heights, and the feudal lord marshalled his mailed knights and stout men-at-arms, to repel some hostile chief—or in his turn to head a foray into the surrounding country. Or see him lead forth to the sound of horn and hounds, his retinue of “*faire ladies*” and gallant gentlemen and gentle minstrels, to the chase—and mark how the poor villagers tremble as the warlike array passes, or gaze with amazement at the display of beauty and magnificence.

On the same day you might have seen an ambling priest, left by the “*gay companie*,” descending, with difficulty, the rocky hill-side. He makes his way into the narrow vale, and greets, with a hearty welcome, a strange looking party of way-worn travellers, whom he meets there. They wear swords and armour, but there is a monastic air about them which makes you think they may be monks disguised, and as you turn round you see where they have been unloading their asses, the ground covered with utensils of all queer shapes.

Who are these men? What brought them afar off here into this lonely region, the daily scene of robbery, strife, and bloodshed?—These are the brothers of the old and respectable order of Free Masons, who, educated in the bosom of the church, make their way into the most remote countries to erect edifices, the most perfect that have been built by the hand of man, for the worship of “a young Jew with light hair,” who, 1000 years before, had preached to a few fishermen and abandoned women of Judea, and had suffered an ignominious death on Mount Calvary.

The priest blesses the ground, and

the quaint looking artisan travelers call down the villagers to assist them in quarrying the stone and raising the walls of the same church that you see standing there under the hill. And when it was finished, there came other priests, who preached to the villagers, and nursed them when they were sick, and comforted them when they were distressed. In time, it turned out as you see it now. The great lord, and his strong castle, and his sturdy warriors, have passed away, for the power was a selfish power; and the church, which, besides its religion, nursed and fostered the great principles of human association, and the love of man for man, still stands; and the villagers have gathered round it, to seek counsel, aid and comfort.

All through this country the people speak two languages, the Patois and the French, the latter indeed but imperfectly, and sometimes not at all. Every district has its peculiar Patois, but there is a general character belonging to them all. Those which I have heard, being spoken in a country lying between Spain and Italy, bear a great resemblance to those two languages. And the reader of Rabelais, and old French, will catch a great many words which have been changed in modern times by the suppression of letters and syllables. The pronunciation is flowing and well articulated; thus the expression *toute de suite*, which the Parisians render in two syllables, is pronounced in Languedoc, *tout-e-de-suit-e*, making five syllables. As far as I know, there is but one author in the Patois—a barber of Agin, who has written several volumes of poetry. His name is Jasmin; he is still living, and has acquired great reputation by his verses. I intended to get a volume, but I

found I would have to make a particular study of the language in order to read it, so different is it from French.

The people of this country are strongly attached to their native soil, and wholly destitute of the spirit of emigration; indeed, so strong is this feeling, that I was told of several instances in which young men, who had been drafted into the army, had sold everything to raise 1,000 francs, to pay a substitute, in order to escape the five years service. They are generally well dressed. They live in stone cottages, and whenever I met them in the vineyards, I never failed to remark a basket under the hedge, from which projected, on one side, a bottle, and, on the other, a loaf of bread, cut in half, and enclosing a good sized chunk of salt pork.

Leaving Toulouse, of which I have before spoken, at eleven in the morning, I descended from the diligence at 7½ p. m., at Carcassonne, notwithstanding a pressing invitation from the conducteur to ride with him to Perpignan, on the borders of Spain, which we would have reached at ten the next morning, and where, he assured me, I would find abundance of fine cherries, strawberries, and good wine.

The next morning I occupied myself for an hour or two in walking over the old town of Carcassonne, about a mile distant from the modern town, and situated on a high hill, commanding a view of the snow-covered Pyrenees. The history of this old fortress is singular. It was first built by the Romans, who raised here a temple to Apollo. After them succeeded the Visigoths, who were in turn replaced by the Saracens. Charlemagne drove out the Saracens, and in the eleventh century the Free Masons erected a Catholic Church.

It participated in the struggles of the Albigenses, and these early reformers of the church were driven out by Simon de Monfort, who condemned four hundred of them to be burnt. After the inquisition had eradicated the heresy, Carcassonne experienced no new religious revolution until the French revolution, when the church was dedicated to the *Goddess of Reason*.

In visiting the churches of France, the traveller is frequently arrested by observing an empty niche, a defaced wall, a broken statue, or a tomb (whether he visit the crypts of St. Denis, where reposed the ashes of the French Kings, from Clovis to Louis XV, or the most obscure country graveyard) which has been wrenched open and robbed of its contents.—And if he asks his guide, who did that? the answer is, the Revolutionists—the worshippers of the Goddess of Reason. Let those who would reduce Religion to Rationalism, weigh well the terrible events of the epoch of the worship of this Goddess.

The same day, I hired a cabriolet to carry me to Narbonne, about forty miles distant. Although the weather was extremely cold, I was surprised to find our road lined with olive and almond trees; the latter were full of fruit, which resembled, in appearance and size, young peaches in the month of May. The tree, altogether, is the *fac-simile* of the peach, and I see no reason why you should not have a row of almond trees in the orchard at R., or what would be better still, a row of olive trees. In the fields I also observed, among the wheat and elsewhere, an immense number of wild poppy flowers, which I first noticed at Toulouse, and which have followed me all the way round by Marseilles to Lyons. Here, too, the mulberry,

for the silk-worm, begins to make its appearance, and, as I approached the Rhone, I encountered numerous orchards of them. That night, at one o'clock, I took the *malle poste* for Montpellier, which I reached the next morning at seven. So rejoiced was I, in reaching once more the country of railroads, that I lost no time in taking my ticket for Nîmes. The country, from the Mediterranean to Bordeaux, is traversed by a canal, which enters the Garonne some forty miles above the city.—All the way along the road, I saw the embankment of the railroad, which will be completed from Montpellier to Bordeaux, in two years. Europe is twenty years behind America in railroads—that is, as regards their number; in quality, the European is much superior.—Everywhere there is a double track, and the roads are walled or helged in, and faced with gravel and stones to obviate the dust, from which travellers suffer so much in our country.

From Nîmes I went to Avignon, and, resting only an hour, I took a cabriolet to perform a pilgrimage of some eighteen miles, to the fountain of the Sorgue (Surgere, lat.) in the valley of Vaucluse (Valle Clausa), to render homage to the memories of Petrarch and Laura. When we were still some eight miles distant, the driver called my attention to an immense funnel-shaped cavity in the side of the mountain, at the bottom of which, he told me, I would find the celebrated fountain, the source of the swift green-colored stream along whose banks we were driving.

It was towards evening when I reached the little hotel, in the centre of the gorge, shut in on all sides, save the narrow entrance through which we came, by precipices. I descended, shivering with cold, from the voiture, and took my

path along the stream, a short turn in which brought me face to face with the swift mountain torrent, dashing down in a foaming cascade from the bare face of the rock. A few hundred yards, and I stood by the side of a spring, some four feet in diameter, and so concealed by the rocks that you do not see it until you stand upon its edge. As I turned my eyes from the noisy cataract to its still source of unfathomed depth, with glossy surface, unbroken by a ripple—save on the very edge, where it dashes down with thundering rapidity, to course away among the green fields of Provence—and to the overhanging masses of bare rock, that seem ready to fall and close forever the exit to this wild turbulent force that comes welling out from the very entrails of the earth, a feeling of terror made me recoil. The next instant I had clambered up, upon a rock that overhangs the spring, and embraced, in a single *coup d'œil*, the winding gorge that comes leading up to the fall.

I sat there and smoked my cigar, and thought of the Poet and his solitude—of the April morning when he first saw Laura enter the Church of St. Clare, and of the twenty-five years of unparalleled love; of what Socrates says of this feeling in the divine dialogues of the Phædrus and the Banquet, and of how like the Poet's soul was this deep, silent source, and the bounding stream that left its lips

to refresh the distant prairies, and bring flowers and fruit—so like his thoughts pouring themselves out in verse—so like himself, the gloomy, remote mountain gorge, listening to the murmurings of his life's current. I don't know what I'd have thought of next, when I was startled by hearing the stones rolling below me, and looking round, saw a miserable little dwarf, hideous even for a dwarf, begging me for alms. I flung the end of my cigar into the Sorgue, and, remembering the mountain trout, and eels, and the cray-fish, which the good landlady of the Auberge had promised me for dinner, I descended quickly and made my way to the hotel.

No sooner had I commenced my dinner than a ray of light burst in upon me. The story of Laura and Petrarch is all a fable. He, good man, frequented this delicious spot, not to sigh over an unhappy passion, but to enjoy the delicacies of eels, trout, and cray-fish. He was fond of company at meal-times, a feeling peculiarly strong in him, as you will see from the stress he lays upon it in his letter to posterity.—Laura, a lady who lived in the neighborhood, and who, besides the charms of her conversation, doubtless possessed an excellent cook, as we are informed that she was a model of a housewife, was ardently affected by Petrarch for these reasons, in themselves amply sufficient without the assistance of any mawkish sentimentality.

NO. VIII.

VENICE, Dec. 28.

Dear — : I will not attempt to tell you how many times I have commenced to write to you and been interrupted. At last I had fixed upon Trieste as the spot from

which you should receive my long delayed reply to your letter.

The hardships which I have encountered since I left Munich, to my arrival on the shores of the

Adriatic, surpass description. We started from that city, (a Peruvian and myself,) in an uncommonly heavy post-wagon, on runners—for the whole country was covered a couple of feet with snow. The pace of this was the slowest, some three miles an hour or less, and at every relay we stopped more than half an hour. Nothing in Germany comes up to time. Nothing goes fast. Having invented the clock, this people seem to consider it their privilege to smoke and drink, and watch the hands go round. They are not lazy. There is always motion, but so dragging, so slow! Perfect rest would be preferable. After ten hours, we found the snow was melting, and then came thirty-nine long hours of cold and damp discomfort, for we were so seated that we could not stretch our limbs—our knees wedged against the board in front, our heads almost touching the top, and no earthly chance for a change of position. Night and day, over that waste of melting snow, and under a grey leaden sky, we dragged on. At last we were informed, by jolting over the large round stones, that we were approaching Vienna. Arrived, with difficulty we pulled our stiffened limbs out of the narrow box, and, putting our effects on a wheel-barrow, made the best of our way to the hotel.

What shall I say to you of Vienna, or of Austria? Imagine a church, with a barrack on one side and a hotel on the other; facing this a palace, with two loaded cannon at the door, flanked by a guard house and a bureau of police; at every door a soldier with a sword and musket. Even in the Church, on Sunday, during service and before the high altar, you will find a file of the military drawn up, their

bayonets glistening in the light of the wax tapers.

Arrived at the hotel, the first thing you do is to form the acquaintance of the porter. He lives in a little room with a glass door, just by the entrance, ready, like some huge spider, to pounce upon the traveller whom fatigue and hunger have forced to seek shelter there. Worse even than the cruel spider, it is this monster's trade not only to suck and squeeze all he can out of the traveller, but also to cause him to spend as much as possible in every other way, just as the physician orders the patient, whose circulation is slow, to be put into a hot bath before he is bled. Habit accustoms us to all things, and we get used after a while to being cheated. But to see your body and soul coined into miserable sous, for this man's pitiful gain, surpasses human endurance. Your very life does not overbalance a farthing in his eyes. One example is sufficient. A stranger in a city of 700,000 souls, dusty and fatigued, you desire a bath;—nothing easier—he knows the very best. He puts you in a hack and sends you five miles (quadruple hack-hire) to a most miserable bath, and the people, instructed by him, charge you three times the price. Defend yourself. I defy any living being to do it.—And so in everything. He is always on the alert to sacrifice you for the most paltry gain. You cannot even *purchase* your safety of him, no more than a fly could leave one of his legs for black mail in a spider's web.

At Vienna I met with our Minister, Col. Jackson, of Georgia. I had never known him before, but on finding out, accidentally, my name, he received me most kindly. He invited me to dine, and afterwards to sup. with him. He is the

first official of our Government to whom I have owed any thanks.

Well, I must tell you something of Vienna. It consists of a central nucleus, girdled tightly by an immense ditch and high rampart.—Beyond this, a broad open belt, and then come the thirty-four suburban cities, comprising six-sevenths of the population, and containing all that is interesting, except the palaces, government buildings, and the immense houses of the nobility.—These latter are found in the nucleus, or old town. Here the buildings are only remarkable for their great size. One might think that, formerly, they constituted but one mass, and that, afterwards, like the mud on the river banks when exposed to the sun, they had (not crystalized, for that would imply something of regularity,) but split up in cakes, leaving spaces that, by courtesy, might be called streets. Call them streets if you wish, but they are among streets what Baron Munchausen's three sticks, which were so crooked they couldn't lie still, were among sticks in general; scarcely one exceeds a hundred yards in length, and the houses of the town are numbered straight through without any reference to them; and you are constantly trying in vain to find No. 1181, &c., a. b. or A. B. The living is dearer here than in any place I have been to, and, as the young Emperor has joined the Jesuits, the amusements are poor enough to be held highly *respectable*.

After resting and getting clothes, &c., I started for Trieste. The first part of the route was by rail, and a most extraordinary railroad, being the first that has cleared a mountain range. The elevation of the grade is sometimes more than ninety feet to the mile, and, as we steamed along the mountain ledges,

we turned our eyes from the snowy summits above us, towards which our winding way was reaching, and, looking down these precipices, desecrated in the gorge beneath, and many hundred feet directly under us the station we had left some half hour before. Its tortuous course, its lofty stone arches bridging the chasms, its numerous tunnels piercing the flanks of the mountain or running through masses of overhanging rocks, and its shelving grades suspended between two precipices, gave it rather the appearance of some Titanic staircase, than that of a railroad. The long gorges, the ruined castles capping the summits of the mountains *under us*, and the towns dwindling away in the distant valleys, all combined, we could not, but for the whistle and the deep breathings of the locomotive echoing along the mountain sides, have believed that it was in reality a railway over which we were travelling. Then came fourteen hours of German staging. There was no other chance, and so, with enlarged tonsils and a raging headache, I took my place at 5 p. m., just behind the driver. [It is night here, by the way, at 4 p. m., at this season, and in Venice I must light my candle at 2 p. m. There is less light in Venice than in any other city. There is no use for it, the people only come out at night and go to bed late in the morning.] In front we were protected by a leather curtain, which was buckled tight. My companion was the Secretary of some Archduke Max or other, was very affable, and gave me an excellent cigar. But the old ruffian, warmly clad from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet in innumerable furs, kept exclaiming how hot it was, and pushing his side of the curtain open. Warm!

The snow a foot deep, and driving then, with the terrible wind which sweeps over this country, right into our faces. The snow ceased, and, towards morning, the wind increasing, suddenly I opened my swollen eyes, and looking down the mountain, saw in the distance rows of gas lights. It was Trieste! and the cold moon overhead lighted up the shipping that was floating upon the Adriatic.

The rest of that day I slept, and the next morning, just as the grey light of the dawn was extinguishing the moon's beams, I followed my baggage to the steamer for Venice. As we steamed out into the deep, blue Adriatic, the scene was magnificent. The sky was without a cloud. Trieste was behind, in the angle of two mountain ranges, one of which shut out the Eastern, the other the Northern horizon; before, was the sea, covered with innumerable boats, of quaintest rigging.

It was still dark at Trieste when the deep orange tints in the East, defining with a double line, as it were, the blue crests of the Illyrian mountains, announced the rising sun. The tints deepened; suddenly, the highest of the snowy summits to the North lighted up, and the illumination spread from it, as from a centre, to the other heights.—The sleeping clouds, first white, then rosy, floated up from behind the Eastern mountain. The deep color of the land, and sea, and sky; the castles and fortifications on the heights; the dreamy city below, and the fantastic boats that were moving to and fro around us, all joined to make me feel that the next moment, and Guido's Aurora would realize itself. One spot of intense splendor appeared, then a hemisphere, then a globe of fire, and, quicker than thought, a flood of sunbeams poured down over

mountain and wave, and I had seen a sun-rise on the Adriatic! There was a dramatic effect in these phenomena, which, magnificent as they always are, I have never seen elsewhere, and which I cannot describe. Certainly, it was such an influence that made the nations which of old beheld these grand scenes, in these same regions, fancy that they stood in nearest relation with supernatural powers;—and whoever has floated on the Adriatic at sunrise, might well believe that Neptune was a god and Aurora a goddess.

Seven hours more and Venice was before us—the fair daughter and spouse of the Adriatic. Alas! I am no poet, and I must shock you with my own impressions.—Between the "City" and the "Sea," I should have thought that the first, if either, was the "mother." There she sits, drawn up, gloomy and silent, save where some crumbling palace wakes the ripple of her canals; and there beyond, rolls the sea, as light, and free, and blue, as when the first sunbeams fell upon it. Do you know how Venice struck me first, when I landed among the gondolas on the Piazza, in front of the Ducal Palace and the two columns, and the bronzed Lions, and traversed the Place St. Mark, and looked upon the famous Basilique, and the Campanilla?—Hold your ear close, then, and let me whisper it, for it is blasphemy, and must not be spoken loud. She looked—alas! that I should say it, after all that has been said by the Byrons, the Shelleys, the Rogers', the Hobhouses, and the Hunts—like a fish-woman, who, having accumulated a fortune in the oyster trade, arrays herself in gorgeous apparel; but corpulence and long habit hinder her from quitting the dear spot which has witnessed her success, and so she comes back and,

with all her finery, squats mournfully down upon a bank of oyster-shells, and sticks her naked feet into the mud.

There is not a pedestal to all the columns which adorn Venice. The fair daughter of the Adriatic hides her feet in the still water of the lagoons; and when she commits the impropriety of displaying her ankles, you are struck with the reflection that water does not always wash clean.

You cry Infidel, and Heretic, and Goth, but do not too severely censure me for my seeming insusceptibility and hardness of heart. I have seen all the sights, read most of the stories, and even sketched the prettiest balconies and columns of Venice. You like it better, or I do, as it becomes more familiar to you. You cease to be pained by the dwarf pillars of the Palace of the Doges, and the dumpy San Marco, with its golden Mosaics, its two hundred columns of every color and shape, like so many sticks of candy, overcoming, by its quaintness, the bad impression which the impurity of its style has made upon you. Then you come to enjoy its canals, so sombre, so silent, so sad. No sound save the occasional splash of oars; no moving thing, save the dark gondola gliding past like a hearse; and, on all sides, the gloomy palaces, rising balcony and colonnade above balcony and colonnade; door, and window, and balustrade, loaded with ornaments, and realizing all the queerest phantasies that ever guided a pair of dividers over paper.

These palaces look deserted, but report tells you that the descendants of the Doges, and of Roman Consuls, sit shivering within their bare walls. To my notion, there is no style of architecture in Venice, only a style of architectural ornament. Such appears the famous

capital of the Republic, to my eyes—but, mind you, tell no body what I say, for poet, historians, and romance writers, all tell a different tale, and the reader is shocked or carried away by the rehearsal of its tragedies or its love scenes.

Its love scenes!—I assure you I envy none of the heroes, for I have never seen such a number of ugly and dirty female faces. A pretty Venetian remains for me yet to see. The women, cold as it is, walk the streets with bare heads and shoes turned down at the heel; and the men, I do not think would be admitted into any other European city that I have yet visited.

It has been remarked that Venice looks like a retired Pirate, and I think I can see, everywhere, unmistakable traces of the opulent tradesman. Old as was its aristocracy—doubling, in length of pedigree, the most ancient families of Northern Europe—their lives were spent in driving bargains that ill cultivate men in lordly sentiments and manners.

Venice is dull, although the Court is here, and, except one laughable scene, my Christmas was duller than a Philadelphia Sunday. The Emperor and Empress had managed some how, to get, unobserved, out of the Palace and across into the Church. Very soon the people on the plaza found out that they were there, and collected, in great crowds, to see them return. Mass was over. No Emperor appeared; the greatest excitement prevailed; the people running first to one door and then to the other, while I imagined the Emperor dodging about among the pillars inside. At last he found it was of no use to play longer at hide and seek, and so, with his wife on his arm, he slipped out of a side door; but the people saw him, and they rushed round from the main portal,

and formed such a crowd that the illustrious couple could barely make their way through.

He was dressed like a common soldier, in the long grey overcoat and small glazed cap. He is rather above middle height, slender, and his face has something pinched up about it, which would have made you say he was decidedly bad looking, and his eyes were swollen as though he had been on a *spree* the night before. He was not shaved, and looked as though he was not washed. The Empress has pretty

features, and resembles her mother, the Queen of Bavaria. She has that peculiarly yellow tint, which I think interesting. By the by, I found the bronze horses, four in number, on the Church St. Mark, just where I always said they were. I am, moreover, confident that we stopped before at the Hotel Damelli, on the quai des ———, beyond the Palace of the Doges and the prisons as you go from the great canal. I went there for a letter, and the landlord said my name was familiar to him.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

—Mid the waves
Of the Ægean bosomed in the calm
Of everlasting Summer, sleeps an Isle
Whereon the Ocean ripples into music—
Through whose luxurious wilderness of blooms
The soft winds sigh their breath away in dreams;
Where tempests that had run a fell career
In other regions, and on distant seas
Howled 'round the drowning mariner, expire
To the mere ghosts of a departed sound;
Melodious apparitions, the fine spell
Of whose ethereal and balm-laden breath
Wakens a thousand delicate symphonies,—
A realm where the still genius of all joy
Reigns in a region worthy of her smiles,
The Elysium of the waters,—the crowned Queen
Of the visible Universe, a jewel set
To gem the billows' melancholy breast,
The embodiment of visionary gleams
Caught in entranced review, a PLACE
To live, to love, to die in, and revisit
From the sad vale of shadows with a touch
Of mortal fondness overmastering death.

CRIMES WHICH THE LAW DOES NOT REACH.

NO. I.—GOSSIP.

"Mrs. Turner," announced the servant.

A bustling, active old lady, in black, a widow's cap surrounding a common-place face, entered, with hasty steps, a quiet, silent room, where sat its mistress, Mrs. Greene.

"Dear Mrs. Greene," she said; "I am very glad to find you at home. How are you? Well? and Mr. Greene and the dear children?"

"All of us are well, thank you," replied Mrs. Greene, as she put aside her book, slightly contracted her eyebrows, and drew forward a chair.

"Now, it seems an age since we met. It does me good to see you." A bow from the lady. "I hope you will be as glad to see me, when I tell my errand. You know I never make fashionable calls. Between my poor and my sick, my time is always taken up. The 'world' has no charms for me: I want you to give something to the 'Ladies Society for the relief of Seamstresses.'"

"With pleasure."

"Oh, my dear friend! how very good you are. And can't you help the 'Association for visiting Magdalens?' Some people object to this Society, but really it does a great deal of good—and the things we find out! you can't tell how many of our worthiest citizens we unmask by just asking a few questions!"

"Indeed."

"Yes, indeed. Why it was only yesterday I heard that Silas Broughton, whom we all think—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Mrs.

Greene; "I really don't care to hear—"

"Well, well. And so, you won't give anything to this Society?"

"I did not say that. Mrs. Manners was speaking to me the other day about the good that might be done, for a poor girl came to her, with no revelations, but an anxious desire to be put in the way of gaining a livelihood."

"Oh! Mrs. Manners! She had better look nearer home for reform. There is that daughter of hers, Ellen. If all I hear of her is true! why they say she has young men at all hours of the night walking in and out—"

"My dear Mrs. Turner!" cried Mrs. Greene, deprecatingly; "let me entreat you not to repeat such idle tales about a young girl."

At this instant the door again opened, and the servant introduced Miss Welsby. Whereas Mrs. Turner was short, stout and bustling, Miss Welsby was tall, angular and deliberate. She was received very formally, but politely, by the hostess, with cries of delight by the other guest.

"Ah, I am ahead of you, you see, Katy."

"Yes. What have you got?"

"Oh, Mrs. Greene has promised me everything,"—winking at Mrs. Greene—"hav'n't you?"

"All the foreign charities, as well as the domestic ones?"

"Why, no. You can have the foreign, if you won't interfere with my domestic."

"Then, Mrs. Greene, please set down your name in these books," producing half a dozen little green

covered pamphlets. "Here is the 'Stocking Fund,' and the 'Pocket Handkerchief Fund,' &c., and here is a bundle of Tracts which you will allow me to leave for your children. What do you suppose I heard as I was coming here?" turning to Mrs. Turner, and lowering in her voice.

"What?"

"Something awful about Ellen Manners."

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Turner eagerly, with radiant visage, hitching up her chair, while Mrs. Greene left the room to get her purse.

"I met Emma Gibbs and Mrs. Thomas on their way home from prayers; they wanted to scold me for being absent, but I showed them what I had been after, and they then told me that Ellen Manners and Julia Darnell went two nights ago to the Theatre alone, with William Ford and that dressed-up fool Charley Cheston; they got into a carriage afterwards, and drove Heaven knows where, but at three o'clock in the morning the carriage brought home Ellen Manners dead *drunk*—drunk, my dear, so that she could not stand, her dress half torn off, and she was lifted into the house by a strange woman and that Darnell girl, as quietly as possible, and the carriage moved off at a snail's pace, so that her poor mother might know nothing of this *frolic*, I suppose."

"I always said so!" exclaimed Mrs. Turner, triumphantly; "that girl was bound to go wrong. I never failed yet in prophecying such things. Do you hear this, Mrs. Greene. What did I tell you just now?"

"Something pleasant, I see by your face," said Mrs. Greene, as she resumed her seat.

"Not exactly pleasant," continued the brisk widow, striving to

subdue the sparkle of her keen little eyes. "Here is a fine story about Ellen Manners. She and—"

"Spare me," again interrupted Mrs. Greene. "I have an odd belief in the adaptation of the old proverb, 'the receiver is as bad as the thief.' In tales of scandal, 'she who listens is as bad as she who relates.' I have laid down a positive rule for myself. I will not be the recipient of, any more than I would be the first to tell, a disagreeable story—true or false."

"I am sure I never have been accused of scandalizing my neighbors," said Mrs. Turner, a little affronted.

"Many a shaft at random sent"—murmured Mrs. Greene to herself, at the unconscious effect produced by her visitor's ignorance of the English language. "By your love of *slandering*, you are certainly scandalizing me," she thought.

"Here is five dollars," she continued aloud; "pray dispose of it for me on your lists—and here is the same sum for yours, Miss Welsby."

Both ladies were profuse of thanks, and in their joy immediately "gave tongue."

"This has been a fortunate call for us. I am so glad I came here, instead of going to see a sick girl in Smith's Alley. She is dying of consumption. A most interesting young creature; it is a pleasure to see her. She can't last much longer."

"Oh! you mean Betsey Martin. Yes, I heard of her," chimed in the Welsby. "Very low indeed, she is. I heard you had her in charge—you converted her, too, didn't you? Mrs. Ranleigh told me, and by the by, have you heard of Mrs. John Douglas's last? Oh! that woman! Mrs. Ranleigh says, that she gave a riddle to guess at the Assembly Ball, the other night, to

a party of young men—the most outrageous thing—I can't say it aloud," and with unusual rapidity she whispered something to her friend, who cried, "You don't say so? Well, that beats everything. Let me hear it over—I didn't exactly catch—" and the worthy and pious matron listened more carefully to a riddle, "too outrageous to be spoken aloud."

"Now, Mrs. Greene, what would you say to this. Why is—"

"You really *must* excuse me," exclaimed Mrs. Greene, with evident disgust. "I always close my ears instinctively when I hear Mrs. John Douglas's name, for two reasons: the first, that never was there a woman so persecuted and pursued by the grossest stories as that lady, who constantly hears of things about herself, newer to her than they are to her informers; or else where her share of the anecdote is no more than your own—something that she has unwisely repeated to some tale-bearing friend. Secondly, because she is, which you doubtless do not know, an intimate and cherished acquaintance;" and fairly worn out, Mrs. Greene rose, with heightened color, and an unmistakable intention of saying "good morning."

Unabashed, her guests arose likewise; they really could not, "as Christians," they afterwards said, "quarrel with a woman, however *rude*, who paid down ten dollars so cheerfully."

"Thank you again, my dear Mrs. Greene; our little charities, little enough they are"—uplifted eyes and nodding head—"would flourish, if we met often with such liberality. I will, I assure you, speak of this about."

"Pray, don't. Pray don't speak of me at all."

"Ah! modesty, modesty!" Miss Welsby said, with a grim smile;

"well, we will remember you in our prayers. You are a worldly woman yet, my dear young friend,—but we will hope to bring you to us, before long."

"Yes, my dear child, for you are a child to me," and Mrs. Turner took up the strain. "I often think of the state of your soul; night and morning I remember you, and wish that 'you were altogether such as we are.'"

"Oh, it will come, it will come," Miss Welsby patronizingly put in. "She will find out the hollowness of temporal things. By the way, Carter & Johnson have failed; *they* say they can meet their liabilities, but a little bird whispered to me, that Mrs. Carter spends thousands on her dress, and Carter himself is every night at the faro-table. Good bye, my dear Mrs. Greene. God bless you; you shall have my prayers," and with the air of a saint, who had by this promise ensured Paradise to the fortunate one whose name would be thus embalmed, Miss Welsby stalked out, followed by the hasty trot of her suitable colleague.

"Insufferable creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Greene, as the door closed upon them. "They set my teeth on edge, these women, until I can scarcely control myself. Pharisees! with their prayers! their charities, and their hideous slanders! What have they, I wonder, against that poor child, Ellen.—Perhaps I ought to have listened, so as to be prepared. But, *à quoi bon?* As well attempt to stay the onward, dashing wave with my bare palm, as stop these righteous ladies' tongues!"

* * * * *

Three months after this visit, Mrs. Greene wrote three copies of

the following letter; one she retained, another was addressed to Mrs. Turner, the third to Miss Welsby:

Madam: A fortnight since I attended the wedding of Julia Darnell—this morning, I followed to her last home the mortal remains of Ellen Manners—both, your victims. I cannot tell which ceremony brought the dreariest feelings to my heart, the saddest tears to my eyes! 'The long arm of the law,' as it is called, will not be stretched out to grasp you,—yet, the hungry boy who steals a loaf, or the woman who in desperation strikes a fatal blow, is arraigned to answer at the bar of human justice for a *crime* committed—and, wonderful inconsistency, you escape unscathed!

Three months ago, two young girls, smilingly and innocently, were enjoying the life, the sunshine, and the youth which God had given them. Ellen Manners was beautiful and frolicsome, as so candid and true a young creature merited to be. The girlish blush which dyed her cheek at every instant, proved to the most careless eye how keen and sensitive were her feelings, while secure in her bright purity, she held a fearless brow for the world's admiration. Julia Darnell was graver and prouder: smiling in response to her friend's mirthful laugh, and bending a haughtier glance than ever beamed from gentle Ellen's eyes.

So they passed, hand in hand, good and gay, and gracious.

Three months ago, one night, when Mrs. Manners was just recovering from a short but severe illness, her bachelor brother, Mr. Townsend, insisted upon taking Ellen to the Theatre; she was pale from attendance upon her mother, and needed change. Mrs. Manners

urged it, and the party was made. Mr. Townsend's carriage first called for Miss Darnell, and with himself, the two girls, and William Ford, inside, and Charles Cheston upon the box, they proceeded to the Theatre. He then took them to his house for a supper, to conclude the evening.

While chatting gayly of the play and the actors, some allusion was made to Fuseli's illustrations of Shakspeare. Ellen knew the volume she wished, and exactly where it stood in her uncle's library.—Taking a candle, she went to get it, and in a moment they heard a stifled scream. She had fallen from the tall book-case, tearing her dress, and injuring her side, which struck upon the sharp edge of the table. In the midst of acute pain, she incessantly said, "I must go home presently, but don't tell mama." The young men went off. Julia remained with her, and when the pain had somewhat abated, her uncle was obliged to comply with her urgent request that she should be taken home. They lifted her into the house as noiselessly as possible, assisted by Mr. Townsend's housekeeper, who went along with them.

By the next day, her side being still painful, a physician was sent for, remedies used, and the inflammation was subdued. In a week she would, her Doctor asserts, have been perfectly well. Alas! you, madam, became then the executioner of a helpless, lovely creature, who had never harmed you—who, probably, had never seen you.—Whispers, false and horrible, attached themselves to these innocent names—slanders, too vile to repeat, withered their fair reputations.—Ellen Manners and Julia Darnell were the themes of every ribald tongue, and to you is due the merit of having assiduously disseminated,

"sowing broadcast," words that blasted, injuries that destroyed.—Even to her sick-room, came the murmur of this muttered vileness—the drooping flower heard and faded. It can surprise no one who knew her nervous, excitable nature. The mind preyed upon the body—the body acted upon the mind. This tender blossom, reared with utmost care, never before shaken by the rude wind of slandering women's tongues, could not bear this undeserved shame. Ellen Manners died—the only daughter of her mother, "and she a widow."

Julia Darnell has not been touched in health, but a bitter blight struck her down. Her father is stern and fierce, and the maiden aunt who regulates the household, made her feel that, justly or unjustly, the world's ban was upon her. She has married hastily—I hope wisely. I saw the one in her orange blossoms and her bridal veil, tearless and proud;—I saw the other, in her little white shroud,

with white roses crowning her sunny hair. You have murdered both.

Man's justice will not reach you: God's vengeance surely will overtake you—unless you repent. Put aside, while there is yet time, the Pharisaical belief, that because you wear straight skirts and a sombre-hued bonnet—because you say your prayers daily in the market place, and listen while the ear of Heaven is vexed with long exhortations—because you visit the poor, and beg alms for them, you are pious and charitable.

Not so: the most frivolous "woman of the world," who has once, in very agony of spirit, called upon God's grace to preserve her from sin and temptation—who keeps her tongue from evil-speaking, her mind from evil-thinking, of her neighbors—is as far better than you, you and your compeers, as Heaven is higher than Hell.

ANNE MARION GREENE.

Cuthbert st., May, 185—.

SONG.

The zephyr that toys with thy curls
Will caress them though chided,
And my heart—can it help it—must love,
Though that love be derided.
Be it welcome or not, it is thine;
Thou may'st not accept it,
But I give without hope of return,
And thou can'st not reject it.

It shall gird thee, and guard thee with prayer,
In thy joy and thy sorrow,
It shall float through thy visions at night,
And greet thee the morrow.
It shall bend in a Heaven of song
Like a rainbow above thee,
And thy lip when it murmurs my verse
Shall say that I love thee.

WHAT IS POETRY?

There are certain operations of the human mind upon itself and the world without, which, when they take form and body in language, have been denominated Poetry. To describe the nature of these operations, in a single definition, has long been the aim of the philosophical critic. No perfectly satisfactory definition has yet been attained. We could quote a score, gathered from different sources—all more or less wide of the mark. As we recall them, we are reminded of a childish search once actually commenced by ourselves, after the pot of gold which is said to lie buried at the foot of the rainbows.

A writer in the July number of this Magazine has attempted to settle the question.

By very improperly making poetry the antithesis of prose (prose, as Coleridge justly observes, being properly opposed only to metre), and by confounding the subjective with the objective of poetry, he has arrived, with some plausibility, at what he offers us as a definition of poetry. It is, in reality, an extremely poor *dictionary* definition of a poem.

The truth is, the writer has altogether mistaken the question. That question is, as we have already implied, not how to define the forms of poetry, nor how to distinguish poetry from prose (the philosophic critic would as soon think of contrasting a virtue with a colour), but what is that element in human nature—what, we repeat, are those operations of the human faculties, which, when *incarnated* in language, are generally recognized as poetry.

The theory of the writer is, that poetry is a mere synonym for a

composition in verse. Hence, the general dissatisfaction occasioned by his article—a dissatisfaction which we have heard expressed by many who, displeased they scarcely knew why, and dimly conscious of the true faith, were yet unable to find, in their own undefined notions, a logical refutation of the heresy. The genuine lovers of poetry *feel* that its essential characteristics underlie the various forms which it assumes. Ask any man of sensibility to define poetry, and he will endeavor to convey to you some idea, vague, doubtless, and shadowy, of that which, in his imagination, constitutes its spirit. The few poets who have attempted to solve the question, have looked rather into themselves than into the poems which they have written. One describes poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquility;" another, as "the recollection of the best and happiest hours of the best and happiest minds." These definitions—if definitions they can be called—are inadequate enough;—but they indicate, correctly, we think, the direction in which the distinctive principle of poetry is to be sought.

It is time that we should place the argument which we are discussing before the reader. We shall, perhaps, omit a passage here and there, but the reader has only to turn to the July number of this Magazine to see the argument *in extenso*:

"What is Poetry?"

"It will help us in knowing what it is, to determine first what it is not. It is not the nature of the thoughts expressed that makes a book a poem. It is not beauty of

imagery, nor play of fancy, nor creative power of imagination, nor expression of emotion or passion, nor delineation of character, nor force, refinement or purity of language, that constitutes the *distinctive quality of poetry*. Because it is evident that there are passages in prose capable of being compared, in all these properties, not disadvantageously, with the noblest productions of the ancient or modern muse. Take for an example of beautiful imagery, the often quoted passage from Milton's Tractate on Education, where he expatiates on the delights of learning: 'I will lead you to a hill-side, laborious, indeed, on the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming;' or Burke's eulogy on the adventurous hardihood of the seamen of America, or his description of the French Queen, &c.

"Where, in poetry, shall we find invention, fancy, imagination, more abundantly exhibited than in the writings of Defoe, or Fielding, or Scott, or Dickens? * * * And yet, unless it be metaphorically to sustain a theory, no one calls Tom Jones, or Robinson Crusoe, or Ivanhoe, a *poem*."

Then follow two quotations from the Bible, which, in spite of the sublimity of the one, and the beauty of the other, are pronounced (and we make no dangerous admission in saying very properly pronounced) to be "prose, nevertheless."

"A prose translation of the Iliad, containing every sentiment and description, faithfully expressed, *would not be a poem*. The passage from Milton, if turned into his own sonorous verse, would be *as genuine poetry* as the Comus or Paradise Lost. Turned into metri-

cal form, by the commonest hand even, the prose is changed into *poetry*, the words remaining the same:

"We lead your footsteps to a mountain-side
Laborious on the first ascent, but else
So smooth, so green, so full of goodly sights,
And sounds melodious, that the harp itself
Or song of Orpheus, not more charming seemed."

"But if it is not the thought, sentiment or imagery, either grand or beautiful, that makes the *distinctive quality of poetry*, what is it that does? If the distinguishing property be not in the substance, it must be in the *form of the work*; if not in the conceptions, it must be in the words that express them.

"But the words of a language are common to prose and poetry.

"It must be, then, in the form of arranging words that we find the peculiar something that *constitutes poetry*."

With a few more remarks, not very material to the argument, the writer concludes that poetry may be defined "as the expression, by words, of thought or emotion, in conformity with metrical and rhythmical laws."

The sophistry of this argument lies principally in a very illogical confusion of the ideas conveyed by the terms *poem*, and *poetry*. The italics, which are our own, are meant to call the attention of the reader to the repeated change from one term to the other, as if they were identical in signification.—The writer would have us infer that because it is impossible to call Ivanhoe a poem, it must follow that it does not contain a single element of poetry. And in a passage which we have not quoted, he seems to insist that because "no one can

deny that the work of Lucretius is a poem;" we are, therefore, to infer that, from the beginning to the end, it is all poetry. We shall endeavor soon to show the absurdity of these conclusions, if, indeed, this statement be not all that is necessary to condemn them.

The reader ought also to observe, without our aid, that the writer sets out with the notion tacitly, though perhaps unconsciously assumed, that poetry is just what his definition describes it to be, that his definition is implied and taken for granted in the very arguments by which he reaches it—in a word, that his whole train of reasoning is but a simple *petitio principii*. For it is plain that, unless we accept his definition of poetry, or one no less narrow, it is impossible to recognize that antithesis of prose to poetry on which the whole argument is based. It is equally plain that, without recognizing that antithesis, it is impossible to see any force in those arguments drawn from the fact that there are to be found in prose, passages equal in point of "fancy, passion, or imagination," to many noble passages in verse.

Do we speak literally, or (as this writer avers, drawing, we admit, a legitimate inference from his own definition) are we employing a mere figure of speech, when we commend a passage of prose, teeming with passion and imagination, as true and genuine poetry?

Before answering this question, we must be permitted to say something as to our conclusions on the nature of poetry. We shall not pretend to give the reader an adequate definition. Our purpose in this essay is not to establish a theory of our own, but simply to expose the falsehood and superficiality of the one before us.

Coleridge remarks that the ques-

tion, What is poetry? is very nearly the same with, What is a poet? The distinctive qualities of poetry grow out of the poetic genius itself.

The ground of the poetic character is a more than ordinary sensibility. Other qualifications, indeed, are necessary to complete our idea of the poet, but for the ends of our argument, it will be necessary to consider this one alone. From this characteristic of the poet results what we regard as an essential characteristic of poetry,—a characteristic which should be left out of no definition; we refer to the medium of strong emotion, through which poetry looks at its objects, and in which, to borrow a chemical metaphor of Arthur Hallam's, it "holds them all fused." Hence, again, is derived a third peculiarity in the *language* of poetry, which, with a difference in the degree, not the kind of its force, arising from an imagination more than usually vivid, is the language natural to men in a state of excitement, is sensuous, picturesque, and impassioned.

It is, in fact, only when we come to speak of the language, or of the forms of poetry, that we are moving in the same plane of argument with the writer. What distinguishes the language of poetry? The writer maintains that it is the metrical and rythmical arrangement of the words. We, on the contrary, are disposed to think it is the character of the language itself.

One of the members upon which the writer's faulty syllogism is made to rest, is the following statement: "The words of a language are common to poetry and prose." This needs considerable qualification.

Nothing is better known to the poet than the fact that prose and

verse have each a vocabulary of their own. Words, and even forms of expression, are still used in verse which are considered obsolete by the prose-writer. On the other hand, verse rejects a large number of words which are part of the legitimate stock of prose. Among these are most of the long words in the English tongue. Why are they rejected? Simply on account of their metrical impracticability? That, doubtless, is a good reason for excluding them from verse, but why does poetry endorse that exclusion—what constitutes their unfitness to express the passions and emotions of poetry? The answer is easy. Poetry does not deal in pure abstractions. However abstract be his thought, the poet is compelled, by his passion-fused imagination, to give it life, form, or color. Hence the necessity of employing the sensuous, or concrete words of the language; and hence the exclusion of long words, which in English are nearly all purely and austere abstract, from the poetic vocabulary. Whenever a poet drags a number of these words into his verse, we say that he is prosaic; and by this we mean, not that he has written prose (for verse can never be prose), nor that he is simply deficient in spirit and vivacity, as this writer implies, but that he has not used the legitimate language of poetry; he has written something which is only distinguished from the ordinary dead-level of unimpassioned prose by the feet upon which it crawls. In the course of our poetical reading, we have seen the employment of a single abstract word impart to a line all the effect of prose. An instance occurs to us at this moment, but as it is taken from the writings of a poet very near home, we forbear to quote it.

We must not be understood to

say that abstract words and abstract thinking are the sole sources of the prosaic. A passage may be rendered prosaic by a phrase not itself abstract in word or meaning, which has been made commonplace by constant repetition. But such a phrase will generally be found to have lost, with its novelty, the *picturesqueness* which it at first possessed. It no longer calls up the image which it expresses, it merely suggests the thought which it stands for, and affects the mind in exactly the same manner as the boldest abstraction.

If verse may sometimes be prosaic, prose may sometimes be poetic. Poetry is a subtle spirit, and appears in different guises, and in various places. In prose, indeed,

“ Her delights
Are dolphin-like, and show themselves
above
The element they sport in ; ”

yet, even in that domain, her movements are at times scarcely less free and graceful than when she is floating through the Heaven of Song.

It is a characteristic of poetry in its aim to create beauty, that it levies, for this purpose, its contributions on every side. Not content, as the ordinary prose-writer *should be*, with such words as are simply the most proper to express the meaning to be conveyed, it seeks also the most beautiful—the sound, and the associations connected with a word, being taken into consideration as well as the sense. The words of poetry, without interfering with the general effect, challenge a slight attention to themselves. This is what Coleridge meant when he described poetry as “the best words in the best order.”

When, therefore, we meet with a passage of prose, which, while it is

kindled into eloquence by the beauty which it strives to embody, seems also to be revelling in its own, and the language of which is sensuous, picturesque and passionate, we may with perfect justice pronounce that passage to be poetry. Many such passages are to be found in the writings of Milton, and of Jeremy Taylor.

"I looked upon a plain of green,
That some one called the land of prose,
Where many living things were seen
In movement or repose.

"I looked upon a stately hill,
That well was named the Mount of
Song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will,
The woods and streams among.

"But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise,
*It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.*"

We are inclined to agree with the writer, in refusing the title of a just *poem* to any work which is not metrical in form. Yet we respect the opinions of those who maintain that there may be such a thing as a prose-poem. Doubtless, much could be said in support of those opinions. But such is the avidity of poetry in gathering up its materials for the creation of beauty, so necessary does it seem that its language should possess every charm of which language is capable, that it appears to demand verse as its natural and proper expression. Moreover, those who are disposed to agree with us in our views of poetry, will see that no poem, no long poem at least, can be (Coleridge says it ought not to be) all poetry. Whether a poem be narrative, or philosophical, there will be parts and aspects of its subject wholly insusceptible of genuine poetic

treatment. Verse, therefore, is required to preserve these parts in some sort of keeping with the poetry, the object being the production of a harmonious whole.

The reader now holds in his hand the key to all the sophistical arguments of the writer. He will see that while we acknowledge the work of Lucretius to be a poem, we may yet declare that much of it is not poetry. He will see, also, that without denying the passage from Milton's Tractate on Education to be prose, we may yet assert that it contains the genuine elements of poetry. And so on with all the rest of the writer's various illustrations.

The writer speaks much about logical precision, and the confusion into which this subject has been thrown by a misconception of what he chooses to term the figurative expressions of poetic prose, and prosaic verse. The real source of this confusion is the opposition of poetry to prose. For this relation of the two to each other, the writer may indeed urge the precedent of common usage, and the practice of many good writers.—But the impropriety was exposed long ago by Coleridge and Wordsworth, and we hardly expected to see it repeated at this date in the pages of Russell's Magazine.

Much of the article we have been examining is consumed in illustrating the profound truth that tastes differ. They do, indeed. There must be a vast difference between the taste of a man who regards the Ancient Mariner as the noblest of all ballads, and the taste of another who has read through that poem with no other sensation than what is vulgarly termed a turning of the stomach. Of the comments upon this strange, weird production of

Coleridge, we shall remark little more than that they seem to us to be conceived very much in the spirit of Charles Lamb's literal Scotchman. And in regard to the assertion that the poem is an offence against a principle of Coleridge himself—Coleridge having said that every poem should be common sense, at least—we may be permitted to suggest it as not impossible that, between the poet's philosophical notion of common sense, and this writer's, there were few points of resemblance. Coleridge certainly did not refer to that quibbling common sense which would apply to a supernatural story,—much the same sort of logic that is resorted to by papas, when they endeavor to prove to the satisfaction of little boys the non-existence of ghosts.

Of the caricature of Wordsworth it is difficult to speak without indignation.

We had once a conversation with a prosaic friend of ours upon the subject of poetry. After pronouncing the whole tribe of poets to be a set of conceited coxcombs, our friend added that he was sure no poet could "truly enjoy the beauties of Nature. The fellows can't look at a sunset without thinking of the fine things which might be said about it." We said nothing, for our friend would not have understood us, if we had told him that a man who looked at a sunset in such a spirit, was not, and could not be, a poet. Yet such was the spirit in which, according to this writer, Wordsworth was accustomed to look at Nature. No one, at all familiar with the writings of Wordsworth, would have made this accusation; and we cannot help suspecting that it is based upon a perusal of the titles of the poems, rather than of the poems themselves. For passage after passage

might be adduced, so wholly incompatible with the character assigned to Wordsworth, that, for the sake of the writer's taste and common sense, we must conclude that he knew nothing at all about them.

Perhaps no poet ever felt so deeply, certainly none has ever described so admirably, that complete abandonment of the soul to the influences of Nature, in which

"Thought is not; in enjoyment it expires."

Take the following lines, from the poem composed near Tintern Abbey:

———"Nature then
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cat-
ract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,
Their colours, and their forms, were then
to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

And who will believe that the passage which follows these lines—transcendental though it may be—could be the production of a coxcomb, who traded with Nature for his poetry? In what fitting language it depicts those moods of ecstatic contemplation, in which the soul, through a faculty not dependent upon the senses, feels the presence of that mysterious and universal principle, of which the world is a manifestation!

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused.
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things."

It is useless to multiply quotations to prove the groundlessness of a charge which we can scarcely believe was made in earnest. A few more remarks as to what seems to us an unfair use of the authority of Coleridge, and we have done.

Coleridge has charged upon certain portions of the poems of Wordsworth, "*a matter of factness*," by which he meant an occasional, and somewhat superfluous, minuteness of detail. The fault is probably to be traced to a too great desire, on the part of the poet, to bring the groupings and situations of his few characters distinctly before the mind of the reader. The writer insidiously represents this charge as a general one; and in attempting to account for the blemish, he caricatures in the grossest manner the lofty sense which Wordsworth ever entertained of his office as a poet, and his loving and life-long devotion to its duties.—The whole is so strikingly unjust, that we shall not take the trouble to argue the point.

Coleridge has elsewhere done ample justice to Wordsworth's powers of imaginative description. And Ruskin has pronounced him to be the great poetic landscape painter of the age.

We should like the writer to point out anything like "*a matter of factness*" in the description of the breaking up of the storm in the second book of the *Excursion*;

in the description of the "twin mountain brethren," as seen from the cottage of the Solitary; in the sonnet on Westminster Bridge; in the sonnets, "Methought I saw the footsteps of a Throne," "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free," and "The world is too much with us;" in the blank verse entitled a *Night Piece*; in the poem on *Yew Trees* (than the greater part of which, it is impossible to conceive anything further removed from matter-of-fact); in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*; in the burst which concludes the *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, and the exquisite quatrains which close that poem; in the *Danish Boy*; in the *Boy of Winandermere*; in the stanzas commencing, "Three years she grew in sun and shower;" in the character of the poet as sketched in *A Poet's Epitaph*; in the austere and spiritual grandeur of *Laodamia*; or (we are getting out of breath) in the following italicised line of enchanted and enchanting beauty—a whole fairy poem in itself, and alone sufficient to absolve Wordsworth of this charge against him—with which, whether abruptly or not, we shall conclude our article:

"That tall fern

So stately, of the queen Osmunda named,
Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode,
On Grasmere's beach, than Niuid by the
side
Of Grecian brook, or *Lady of the Mere*,
Lone-sitting by the shores of old Romance."

A TRIP TO CUBA.

Some persons have not the inclination to travel; some have not the money; and some want the opportunity. But most persons desire to get a glimpse of other countries; to compare their natural features with those of the land they inhabit, and to observe the manners, habits and peculiarities of the people. Such a curiosity have I myself felt, with regard to the island of Cuba, and the people who inhabit that most remarkable region. But all the descriptions I had read, distinguished as some of them were by great literary merit, had left that curiosity unsatisfied: they had failed to convey to me the exact information that I wanted. There was something vague in the impression left by all that I had read; there was a want of those minute touches which give distinctness and individuality to the picture. These, overlooked or undervalued by others, it has been my aim, in these unpretending and hurried sketches, to supply. They were jotted down in my note-book, during a brief visit of less than three weeks; and are given, without much preparation, to the reader, whose good will I am anxious to retain—for the tour.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday, 4th March, 1857, (while all the Political world, at Washington, were preparing to inaugurate a new President,) we left the wharf at Charleston, in the good steamship *Isabel*, Capt. Rollins, for Havana, via Key West. An invalid daughter accompanied me—also an invalid. Among the passengers were many persons of education and refinement; and I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance, among others, of a gentleman of literary

distinction, Mr. John Jay Smith, of Pennsylvania—an acquaintance since ripened into a mutual esteem.

The sea was calm, and we glided along in the direction of the coast, but it was almost concealed from sight by the dense canopy of smoke that overspread the land. The planters were accountable for this: they were now engaged in preparing their fields for cultivation, and they had, as is their wont, made liberal use of fire, as an economical agent for furthering their work. The sun, seen through this atmosphere of mist, looked dull and rayless, as if powerless to transmit, through the interposing screen, the warmth that was needful for vegetation.

We reached, in good time, the buoy at Tybee, where our boat was bound to stop, in order to receive the mails and passengers for Key West and Havana. But the steam-tug appointed to meet us was behind time! She was not at her post when we arrived, and we were compelled to ascend the Savannah river several miles to effect the junction. This interruption to a *voyage begun*, gave no gratification to the passengers and crew of the *Isabel*, and the compliments audibly bestowed on the parties who, by their *lachesse*, had caused the delay, could scarcely have been agreeable to them, had they come to their ears. They might, nevertheless, have suggested a useful hint as to the propriety of keeping appointments, where the public convenience and the rights of the travelling community were in question.

Before day, on the 5th, the scene was changed. We found a strong

southerly wind, and a head sea, checking the progress of the ship, and making the passengers wretchedly sea-sick. Here again, as on many former occasions, I remarked how terrible a scourge this malady proves to the gentler sex: their suffering and helplessness are affecting to behold. But they strangely forget, in the briefest time, all these trials and annoyances, and are ever ready to tempt anew the discomforts from which they have so recently escaped. This timely oblivion of the past, and hopefulness of the future, is characteristic, I suppose of the sex—as we observe some women choose a second husband, after having been beaten by the first!

On Friday, 6th, the head wind continued, attended by squalls and lightning; but we had now reached the coral formation, and the deep water lay close to the shore. We hugged the shore accordingly, and avoiding thus the force of the wind and head sea, made a better progress. Here, again, we found the woods on fire. Columns of suffocating smoke rolled far and wide, and the palmettos and dwarf pines that covered the sand hills bordering the sea, were smirched and blackened by the flame, making the desolate shore more desolate. This was no offering to the peaceful genius of *Agriculture*, but incense to the fell spirits that delight in *War*. Gen. Harney was burning the Seminole Indians out of the thickets, which served as their hiding places! and encircled them with a belt of fire, so that the whole country was in a blaze! But "foxes have holes," and the Seminole fox finds his in the Everglades, where fire cannot scorch him, and his foot leaves no print to betray him to his pursuers. Gallant Harney! this is no fitting field for you; leave to some future Pel-

lissier the conquest by fire and suffocation, and the glory of giving the *coup de grace* to this brave and persecuted race! We feel, indeed, that without our help it must soon be extinct. The presence of the white man, Saxon, Celt or Latin, is as fatal to it as arsenic or strychnine. But let the philosopher mark the exceeding difference. While the brave, indomitable Indian dies in battle, or pines away in imprisonment, the African, in the self-same connection, thrives best, and reaches his highest elevation, in the condition of a slave!

On Saturday, at 8 o'clock a. m., we reached Key West, and moored our steamer to the wharf. At 6 p. m. we steamed for Havana, distant sixty miles, a sharp northeaster blowing the while, and giving the passengers a most boisterous passage across the Gulf. Two hours before sunrise we were off the Moro, but could not enter until sunrise, when the gun fired from the fortress announces "*the permit*." The Spanish flag now mounts upon the flag-staff of the Moro, and we enter the rocky doors of the finest harbor in the world! then come to anchor in a spot completely land-locked! Our first glance satisfies us that we are in a strange land, and that though but sixty miles removed from our own shores, the city which lies before and around us is more foreign—that is, more unlike anything we have left behind at home, than any other city our eyes have yet beheld.

Could an American be brought here in a state of trance, his first thought, on recovering his senses, would probably be to fancy himself in Africa. Here are the low square houses, with flat roofs and balconies. But then, the men wear no beards, nor turbans neither; smoke no chibouques, but cigars

instead; and the women, instead of being secluded utterly, are to be seen through the *iron gratings*, with which the windows of every house that you see are invariably furnished.

Soon after anchoring, the ship is visited by the officers of the port, and boats with covered awnings offer the passengers the means of reaching the shore. You are accosted by the runners of the different hotels, who thrust upon you the cards of their respective employers. They speaking no English, and you no Spanish, you choose in the dark, and you and your baggage are taken ashore under charge of your *Maitre d'Hotel*, or some one of his underlings. He receives your passport, delivers it to the officer of the Customs (who retains it until you quit the island), and you receive in return a permit, (which your landlord retains until you settle his bill.) You are now at liberty to walk about the city and visit the environs; but for anything beyond this, you must obtain (and pay for) a special license from the authorities, for which you must be indebted to the intervention of this now important personage—the *landlord*! The American, at this stage of proceedings, becomes fully aware that he is in a foreign country!

At nine o'clock we landed—touched the soil of the "*sempre fidel*"—showed passports to very respectable looking officials, who gave the baggage an inspection by no means vexatious—and proceeded to take lodgings in the overcrowded hotel of Woolcoff. The entire time required for our transfer from the wharf at Charleston to that of Havana, was four days, lacking one hour.

Not many incidents occurred on the passage to diversify the ordinary routine of a short sea voyage.

Off Port Royal we saw a whale! he was quite near, but tantalized us by showing himself only once above the surface. South of Cape Canaveral we passed an extensive shoal of fish. We were not near enough to determine exactly of what kind they were, but they sometimes leaped quite out of water to escape their pursuers, the porpoises, who leaped after them—while the sea-gannet sailed majestically above, and pounced down, from time to time, on the persecuted tribes that found no rest above or beneath the waters. A raft of solemn-looking Pelicans meanwhile sat tranquilly on the water, taking no heed of the commotion, gorged possibly with the recent feast, and waiting patiently for the renewal of appetite! How I wished, at the moment, for the piercing vision of the osprey—not only that I might more narrowly look upon this war of the tribes, of the stronger upon the weaker, but that I might peer down through these transparent waters—down to the coral depths below—and spy out all those brilliant tenants of the tropical seas which sported there; or else fulfilled their necessary, fated condition, of sustaining life by death! It was an idle wish: for it is not for our happiness to see too far, or too much; and we should be grateful to the great Creator of all things, that he has limited our faculties and powers, and endowed us only with such, and in such degree, as will best fit us for the station which he designed us to occupy in this system of his, whose immensity we have no powers to comprehend, and whose wonders are past our finding out.

On approaching Key West, we were struck by the appearance of an iron light-house, built upon one of the keys that lay further to the South. The reef on which it rested

was not two feet above the level of the sea, and in cases of hurricane must be submerged. How to provide against so probable a contingency? It has been scientifically done. The form of the light-house is pyramidal. The frame is of iron, and the upright posts are let into sills that rest on the earth below, and are bound together so that in case of submersion all must settle together! The centre of gravity must therefore always fall within the line of the base, and the structure cannot fall! But yet, the inmates might perish! This, too, is guarded against. The lower story presents no vulnerable point to the overflowing waters. It consists merely of iron posts and braces, that oppose no resistance to wind or wave; but some fifteen feet or so above the foundation, we find a floor, and above this floor are chambers and other apartments, covered in from the weather. These are surrounded by a gallery, and the inmates, when they wish it, may descend to the earth by a ladder! This is the domicile of the keeper of the light-house and his family, who may thus look securely out at the war of elements, from their impregnable iron fortress.

What a retreat for a misanthrope, disgusted with the folly or treachery of his kind! or (to make a violent transition), what a paradise for two doating lovers—so wrapped up in each other as to be sick of all the world besides! Such sweet seclusion! Such absence of all disturbing cares! Must they not be superlatively happy, and for ever? The censorious think not; and if this be so, which of the two, think you, will be the first to get tired, and to hint at the necessity of a change? What say you, ladies fair? Ah! you do not answer impertinent questions!

But here is Key West before us!

Like others who had never visited this station, I had sketched some picture of it in my imagination. I need hardly say that the scene now growing into distinctness, as we advanced, bore little resemblance to that picture. The first striking object is a strong military work, rising proudly out of the sea. Its walls of solid masonry—its embrasures filled with heavy cannon, which, likewise, mounted *en barbette*, are seen bristling over the parapet! Then we see, near the landing place, other imposing structures of brick, which, on enquiry, we find to be Government store-houses, intended as depositories of coal for the supply of our war steamers, while cruising in the Gulf. At the wharves we see large merchant vessels (captured by the wreckers, perhaps, and discharging damaged cargoes), Government vessels of smaller size, and scores of pilot boats and wreckers, and notice that show of activity which the large disbursement of Government money never fails to evoke.

The advantages of Key West, as a naval station, are apparent at a glance. In a commercial war, its position is unrivalled, except by that of Havana—and the possession of both, by the same power, would close the Gulf to all *hostile commerce*! From these strong points, our cruisers could pounce down upon the intruding forces (as did the Feudal Barons of old from their mountain fortresses), and sweep them from the ocean! Key West, however, is anything but a mountain, (and my *simile*, of course, very *unlike*!) It is a flat coral reef, raised but a few feet above the sea, covered in its natural state by small shrubs, but now, in places, by groves of cocoa nut palms (transplanted from other islands), that have thriven and borne fruit, and will soon be the chief vegetable or-

nament of the place. Besides these, there are pineapples, plantains, bananas, and other tropical fruits, cultivated in the gardens, which spread out to the water's edge, and offer a spectacle at once novel and refreshing to the visitor from a colder clime.

We took a stroll through the town, and with the exception of a few private residences pleasantly embosomed in tropical foliage, found the houses poorly constructed. Our change of latitude was brought home to us by finding men in the shops engaged in cigar-making, and women employed in ornamental shell-work. I here ate *my first cocoa nut* grown on the soil of the United States! I felt as if I was already touching the tropics!—Moving towards the wharves, I found the pilots (who are likewise wreckers) strolling listlessly about for want of occupation. They told me "that wrecking was a poor business—too uncertain to pay—and that for three weeks past they had not fallen in with a single wreck!" They spoke as if they expected me, a voyager, and more or less exposed to the danger of shipwreck, to sympathize with them in their bad luck! It is thus that, from our own *stand-point* of interest or selfishness, we misread the world! For the rest, they were civil, quick-

witted, downright, and, doubtless, fully up to the average standard of the seafaring population.

I then ascended a wooden observatory, near the landing, from which I could overlook the entire island, measuring, if we follow all the indentations of the coast, seven miles in circumference. From the same point we could observe groups of other islands—some wooded, some naked sand-bars—in that extended chain which stretches out from the Florida Cape to the eastward, and to the west in the direction of the dry Tortugas; barriers, as it were, to protect the Southern coasts of Florida from the encroachments of the Gulf.

Key West will, doubtless, some day be famous in the annals of maritime warfare. It is our salient point. In a war with England it must ever be in danger of attack. Its defences, therefore, should be of the most formidable character. A feeble show here would invite attack, and ensure defeat. But we forget! We are at Havana! and that great city must forgive us for having delayed our homage for one moment, while we glanced back at this new-born city, that, still wrapped in her swaddling clothes, is peeping at her, with curiosity and admiration, from the opposite side of the Gulf!

SONNET.

I know that things are not as most they seem
In reuson's flickering and deceptive beam;
Man and his world are like a juggler's show,
Where everything is nothing that we deem;
And life, death, good, and ill in endless flow
Forms interchange like bubbles on a stream,
So fast that each from each we cannot know.
Last night I dreamed I was in highest Heaven,
And saw Archangels in their dazzling day;
And when to one more bright than all was given
A cup whose radiance dimmed the diamond's ray,
I prayed, That goblet's name, oh, deign to say,
From which all draughts the hues of nectar borrow?
He answered: In thy world its name is Sorrow.

GLIMPSES AT THE COUNTRY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In the life of nations, a century is an inconsiderable point of time,—and yet in our new country, how small a portion can even boast that age. While the battle with the primeval wilderness is still raging along our western borders more fiercely than at any former time, and the axe is hewing out the future course of civilization, the olden lands of the seaboard, in many cases, exhibit only the monuments of a time that has passed away. Like a great battle field in which the scene of combat is ever shifting as inch by inch the vantage ground is gained, so now the struggle has been transferred to other qualities, and these only remain as landmarks of the passing contest. And yet they were once the outposts, beyond which the wilderness and the red man held undisputed possession. As we follow the track of this great conflict between the white man of the old world and the red man of the new, for a home in the West, how suggestive are the names of rivers, towns and local spots, which mark its progress.—Like the trophies of war left on the field, these local names of Indian tribes and nations, retained along our seaboard as the last vestiges of a conquered people, tell where the battle waxed strongest, and who were the combatants;—whilst out in the far West, where the foreign emigrant is hewing out a new home from the virgin forest, with no other arms than his axe and a sturdy hand, he cherishes the recollections of the old country, and with visions of Peace and Plenty before him, adopts their names, and gives them a new lease for life.

The traveler who passes up the

North Eastern Railroad, from Charleston to the Santee, will ride through a part of the country which, a hundred years ago, constituted the frontier settlements of our State. But alas for sentiment and the picturesque! Railroads are not built on æsthetic principles. They acknowledge but the simple geometric rule, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. There are old avenues of magnificent Live Oak, hoary with the growth of Lichen and Moss, which formed the approach to mansions of early wealth and hospitality. They lie mostly on the now neglected roads which formerly were the thoroughfares of a prosperous region. But one only may now be seen by a passing glance, as the train sweeps over the low grounds of the Goose Creek. Many a time has the weary traveler paused under their inviting shade to refresh his way-worn horse and himself, and bless the hand that planted them there. A few hundred yards from its termination—at the old State road—stands the venerable Church of St. James, Goose Creek, built like the neighboring Parish Churches, long before the war, and in the midst of a thickly settled region. But whilst I am on these remnants of the olden time, the train has swept on as if in proud derision of these antiquated things, and the “slowness” of an age that has passed away forever. An hour's ride further brings us to Monk's Corner station. Old Monk's Corner of revolutionary fame lies about a mile north east, at the junction of the Congaree road leading from Granby down to Charleston, with the road which crosses the Santee

Ferry. It was a place of some note once, and during the memorable campaign of '81, it constituted, with Orangeburg and Ninety-Six, one of the strong-holds of the invading enemy, but like Grandby, Dorchester, Perrysburg and other ante-revolutionary towns, it exists now only in name. About a mile further east, across the Biggin Creek, stands the old Parish Church of St. John's Berkley. Biggin Church is one of the few old Parish Churches which has been kept in constant service.

It was held during the revolution as one of the British posts, and was burnt by Col. Coates in 1781, in his memorable retreat before the American forces to Charleston. It was here that were gathered together, at the same time, most of the partisan chiefs of the war, Lee, Sumpter, Marion, Meigham and Horry, like eagles hovering around their prey, and burning to wipe out the foul indignities of an invading foe. A few miles below, at Quimby Bridge, was that gallant feat of horsemanship performed by Meigham and a portion of Lee's squadron, in charging the enemy by a leap across the chasm of the broken bridge, and which, but for the displacement of the covering, thereby cutting off all aid from their friends, would have terminated in the entire route of Coate's command. This handful of brave men, after disarming the British gunners, and cutting their way through the dense columns of infantry, escaped unharmed.

These feats of daring recklessness were often performed during the war by our mounted men; feats that only those who had been reared from infancy upon the saddle could do,—and which by celerity of movement, and impetuosity of attack, helped in some measure

to equalize the chances of the contending parties.

The brick walls of the Biggin Church were all that was left by the fire, and after the war it was rebuilt by those who aided in driving off the British garrison.

This section of the State, including the Cooper river, and as far north as the Santee, was settled long anterior to the war by our Huguenot ancestors. It was here, on these very plantations which their descendants still continue to occupy, that indigo and rice were cultivated before the introduction of cotton. During the war, many of them became classic ground as the scene of skirmishes and hostile meetings between the British and American forces. It was from this neighborhood, the home of himself and his friends, and from the opposite side of the river, that the "Swamp Fox" recruited his brigade when nearly the whole State was in the hands of the British and Tories—and in the wild fastnesses of the Santee Swamp, established his camp as a nucleus of hope to the desponding patriots. Twenty miles above was fought the great battle of Eutaw, which forced the British to draw in their outposts and concentrate in Charleston.

A few miles above the Biggin Church, on the road leading down from the Eutaw Springs, lies the body of that gallant British officer Major Majoribanks who played so important a part at the great battle of the 8th September, and contributed by his valor and skill to save his master's army from total rout. A plain marble slab marks his grave, and a feeling of pious regard for the noble soldier consecrates the spot.

There are many places of local interest made memorable by traditional stories from those who

were participants in that great struggle. Many a time, when a boy, have I listened with delight to the marvelous stories which the old negroes had to tell of those times when the "Red Coats" had possession of the country. Some were tempted away by the British and never returned, but the greater part remained faithful; and from their peculiar position of neutrality, often had it in their power to be of signal service to the whites. Many, who were trusty body servants, went into camp with their masters, and saw a good deal of active service. As "distance lends enchantment to the view," the lapse of time served to magnify their valorous exploits;—and be sure, the "magna pars fui" was never omitted.

It is difficult to recall the disjointed fragments of these wonderful stories, related to me by the old negroes, and give them bodily shape. Like the disconnected portions of a dream which are vividly stamped upon the mind, but which our waking thoughts strive afterwards in vain to weave together, these narratives still loom over the memory in undefined shapes,

"Wherein they spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes 'ith imminently
deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolvent foe
And sold to slavery; of their redemption
thence
———such was the process."

I have a distinct recollection of one of these vivid impressions made upon my childish fancy, and which my greedy credulity never questioned at the time, but which I have in vain sought since to trace to some more tangible form. The story was of a "grand officer," in silk and lace and gold! always

first among the foremost in battle, ever present but never hurt, for no bullet of lead, though ever so swift, could penetrate the costly trimming of his armor, his armor of lace, and silver, and gold! But alas for all who own a charmed life, the fatal secret was at length discovered. A silver bullet was moulded expressly for his service, and the charm which bid defiance to the baser metal, yielded at once.

"But the memory of the Strong Man
Lingered long among the people."

There were stories too of the noble steeds of those days, the great war-horses, from which our degenerate breed has sprung, for our heroes of the war were centaurs, and the rider and his charger made the soldier. There was the young colt which was hid away in the middle of the swamp for a year, his food carried to him every night by the old groom, and thus saved from the hands of the British. There was the story of old master, on a visit from General Marion's camp to his sweet-heart, being pursued by the British, and how as they followed with pistols and drawn swords, he gave them a specimen of his horsemanship by leaping the bars, and leaving the gate shut in the face of his pursuers. But we return from fancy to reality—from the tale of the past to the journey of the present.

But we are on our way again, and now with a roar and a rattle, we bound over the Santee Canal, and are sweeping across the Biggin Swamp on our way to the Santee. We catch a glimpse, as we cross the Canal, of the Wooden Lock about a mile below, the last of the locks which lets off the water of the Canal directly into Cooper River, and on the other side stands the double Lock at Simpson's.

Just above the Lock is the basin covering an acre or two of land, where a whole fleet of boats could ride at their moorings. The old brick ware-house stands at the waters edge, but its iron hinges have long since rusted from want of use. Col. Seuf, the constructor of the Canal, had visions of a town before him, to be laid off on the hill above, and gave ample accommodations for its future growth and commerce. The town never grew beyond the Lock-keeper's house; but Simpson's basin is yet a picturesque spot, with its margins fringed by the delicate cypress, and the ground above, rising in a gentle slope, and shaded by wide spreading Live Oaks.

We are now near the region of the large Limestone fountains of St. John's;—and at Woodboon, the old family place of the Mazycks, a few miles above, there is one, which it would be worth a long ride to visit. The hidden stream which has been working its tortuous way among the subterranean caverns below for wretched ages, coying with the graves of the old molluscs, whose skeleton forms are here entombed in the solid rock, and bear witness to the sea which once covered this country, breaks its strong barriers, and spreads forth into a basin of thirty or forty yards in diameter, and then passes off into a bold stream to form one of the main branches of Cooper River.

It is a lovely spot deeply shaded by the old trees that throw their protecting arms across, and the climbing vines which droop in graceful postures over the pellucid water. The eye is strained in looking down into the blue depths below, where the water issues from its unknown sources, but there is nothing to tell "whence it cometh."

Full of mystery to the simple

negro, he looks with superstitious awe upon these "dark unfathomed caves," and peoples their unknown depths with nymphs and water sprites. There are some who profess to have seen these mermaids sporting among the rocks far below, or sitting on the banks, of a moonlight night, combing out their long tresses.

Here in the Olden Times, Hiawatha might have gone forth—

In his birch canoe exulting,
With his fishing lines of cedar
Of the twisted bark of cedar.

Through the clear transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming,
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Suhwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

Again on our way, and once more among the Pines—the everlasting Pines! like so many grim giants at their play—now striding by with their seven league boots, then slackening their pace as if to gaze back at us. Here a stately couple whirl past in their giddy waltz, while those in the distance have checked their pace to look on in mute astonishment. And well they may! Generations of them have grown up and laid their tall trunks in the ground to moulder away, and have seen nothing like this! They have seen the red man of the forest, the primitive hunter, with wiles and stratagem pursuing the game with his rude weapons—and as he has passed away, they have seen the white man with the more formidable rifle and the implements of peace—but they have never before seen man in the pride of his power, harnessing the elements to his use.

About a half mile from the St. Stephens depot, stands the St. Stephens Church. The river road

which follows the general course of the Santee for 80 or 100 miles above, at this point makes a slight angle, so that the Church may be seen for a mile or two on approaching it from either side. Just here also the old "Church road" unites with the other. It has been long out of use, but was once the main outlet for the planters of the Santee into the Murray's ferry road and the landing at Woodboo creek.—The Church, too, has outlived the purposes for which it was built.

When the swamp lands of the Santee were safe for culture, and yielded their annual and abundant crops of Indigo and Rice, the plantations were thickly studded along its margin. The old avenues, now overgrown with trees and grass, were then the well beaten tracks to many happy homes. The frequently recurring freshets render these fertile lands worthless, and the old places which once saw a happy and prosperous people, are now deserted.

The Church stands in quiet solitude in the midst of the forest, with the graves of those who formerly worshipped within her walls, around her. Like a pious mother, she gave to her children the words of life, and now she gathers them around her in their long repose—and not only these, but *their* children also, even to the present time. Sad evidence of the mutability of human affairs! Not a century gone by yet, and a mere step in the progress of humanity, and her walls are silent as the graves around her.

"How is she become as a widow!
She that was great among the nations;
and princess
Among the provinces, how is she become
tributary."

They who heard her promises and her warnings, her solemn admonitions and her urgent entreaties that they would gather within her

fold before the evil days should come, have entered into that new existence, where the promises are brought to fulfilment, where reality has taken the place of expectation, and where "the secrets of the prison house," which humanity has ever been longing to penetrate, are disclosed.

How manifold are the histories which these short inscriptions on the grave-stones unfold. They are simple records of sorrowing love!—but who can tell the deep meaning that underlie these few words that now meet the eye of the passing traveller—of hopes that were untimely crushed, of the desolate moan of the widow, of the heart-breaking anguish of the mother, long years of conjugal happiness brought to a close, leaving the survivor aghast and appalled at the sudden calamity, which, though in the course of nature, nature could never reconcile.

There are solemn thoughts which cluster around this city of the dead, and here, in this vast solitude of forest, unbroken save by the roar of the steam car as it bounds along with its burden of life, in strange contrast with the surrounding stillness, and tells of the later times when "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;" here in this still repose of nature, they have intensity added to their meaning. And these inscriptions upon the tombs, the heart-felt offerings of friends—of parents and children, how strong a testimony do they bear to that universal hope of life beyond the grave.

"They being dead, yet speak to us" and they proclaim that cardinal doctrine of Christianity—the resurrection of the body; so that we have the silent voices of all who have gone before us, teaching us the sacred truth.

THE VOICE, THE HAND, AND THE SILHOUETTE.

Continued.

Nothing of importance occurred on Tuesday and Wednesday. Late in the evening of Wednesday, I sat in my room expecting my friends. I was sad and anxious.—There were no ties urging me to wend my way homewards,—I felt that I must die in the land of the stranger. I was anxious to hear the disclosures Winther had promised to make, and yet the mysterious tenor of the hints which had escaped him, and the facts of which I had knowledge, intimidated me. I experienced a dread, amounting to presentiment, of approaching scenes and actions hidden from me by Winther's narrative, and by which I was to be overwhelmed.

Night came on. I had my three best pipes with their Weichsel stems delicately perfumed, and six bottles of Rudesheimer, with my green Bohemian goblets, all ready, to drink good luck to McDonald. Winthers came first. He was more cheerful than I had expected to find him, and it rejoiced me, although I knew that his gayety was forced. In half an hour afterwards we heard McDonald ascending the stairs, singing in a remarkably fine voice his favorite song from Ramsay, "The waukin' o' the fauld."—As he came in, he addressed us in his usual bluff way:

"Ah, you are here," he said, "and everything in order for a jolly night. Now, I do protest against gloom. In spite of circumstances, I insist that we make the most of this, our last meeting—at least in Griessen. I have for your consideration a proposition, the merits of which I will maintain after I have heard Winther's history. It is this:

Come to Scotland. The Highlands will dispel all your melancholy, Winther, and, whatever may be the opinion of Alison and Craigie, I tell you, Maxwell, the excursions you had planned, beginning with Loch Katrine, will restore you yet."

"I have often thought of it, McDonald," returned Winther.—"It may be that we will meet again. What say you, Maxwell?"

"By all means," I answered.—"I am willing to leave here in two days."

Winther meditated a moment, and then said, with the shade of returning gloom overspreading his features:

"Ah, it will be in vain;—there is no escape. I must meet him at the place I have so often appointed. When I have vanquished him, then, McDonald, we will join you in Scotland."

"Meet whom?" demanded McDonald, scrutinizing Winther with painful curiosity. "Come, Winther, leave us no longer in suspense; for, although I am forced to leave you to-morrow and cannot stand by you in a rencounter, yet I can, perhaps, advise you, at least sympathize with you more as a friend; for, to be candid, I sometimes think, man, that you are crazy."

"No, no, McDonald, I am not crazy," urged Winther, with much feeling; "but how I have escaped being mad I cannot explain. Listen to me, my friends, and let me begin my painful task. I have heard you, McDonald, relate a thrilling legend illustrative of Scottish superstition; and you, Maxwell, mentioned an incident, which

threw into consternation a whole community in your native State.— You remember, I told you both, that the same manifestations were so common in Germany, as to establish popular belief in the existence of a particular demon, known by the name of the *Poltergeist*.— Neither of you believed the truth of the hideous details you gave;— I am now going to disclose a narrative of horror and mystery, in which your little stories would be mere episodes, and yet, you will believe every word of it—you, McDonald, for the sake of auld lang syne; and you, my poor Maxwell—”

I understood his pitying look, and a sickening shudder thrilled through my frame.

“My father,” continued Winther, “was a wealthy Bohemian, having his principal residence in Prague. I say principal residence, because he was often absent for months at a time, the surmise being that he was trading at Hamburg and Bremen. I knew him only as a man of repulsive moroseness. I never had any other emotion than fear, excited by his presence, and he seemed well contented that I avoided him. My mother was an English lady, and this accounts for the fluency with which I speak the English language. Her history is a singular one. Before my father ever saw her, she had been married to a watchmaker of Geneva. The fruit of this marriage was a son, whom she lost with her husband under the following terrible circumstances. They were travelling through the Alps, and, while winding in a chaise along a terraced road, an avalanche overwhelmed them. Her husband and child were dashed over a precipice.— How she escaped she knew not; for the shock deprived her of reason, and upon her recovery she

was informed that there had been a blank of three years in her intellectual existence. The kind travellers who had discovered her, standing upon the brink of the abyss, were English. They questioned her, and she answered them incoherently—yet in their language.— ‘It has dropped,’ she said, as she leaned over the edge of the precipice and pointed downwards—‘it has dropt.’ ‘What has dropped?’ they enquired, as they drew her back. ‘The Silhouette, oh, the Silhouette!’ she answered, bursting into a hysterical fit of sobbing.

“Unable to obtain any explanation of these singular words, the travellers attempted to calm her agitation. In this they succeeded, and, pitying her forlorn situation, they took her under their protection and carried her to England. There she secured the continued favor of her deliverers, by her pensive meekness, and the childish confidence with which she clung to her new home. In the course of three years her reason gradually returned. Her friends cautiously informed her how they had rescued her from destruction, and one of them, a lady, kindly took her by the hand and encouragingly said: ‘We found you, Madam, standing upon the edge of a precipice. You told us that you had dropped something—I think you called it a Silhouette.’ My mother pressed her hands against her temples—stared wildly around her—and, uttering a prolonged shriek, fell forwards upon her face, in a swoon. Her friends ran to her assistance, lamenting their supposed error, in mistaking a lull premonitory of furious mania for a return to sanity, and regretting the sudden necessity of yielding up the unhappy object of their sympathy to the keepers of a mad-house. But they had only revived her recollections, by pro-

nouncing a single word. It drew her back across the gulf in her memory; and the grief, suppressed for three years, now gushed forth in the most pathetic expressions.—As soon as she recovered consciousness, she exclaimed: ‘Oh no, not the Silhouette!’—that is a trifle.—But my husband—my child—they have, both, been swept away from me by the avalanche!’

“Soothing words and kind questions drew from her a narrative so simple and affecting, that a noble sympathy was aroused. The aid of the most influential correspondence was engaged, but no trace of her husband and child could be found. Among the many who interested themselves for her, was my father. He was in England at that time, and, urged by my mother’s remarkably history, he departed for Geneva at once. But he failed in obtaining any satisfactory intelligence, and returned to England prepared to convince my mother that her husband and child were lost. She must have possessed extraordinary personal charms; for my father, shortly after his return, became passionately enamored, and offered her his hand. Impressed by her dependent situation, and the reputed wealth of her admirer, she married him and accompanied him to Prague. Scarcely a year had passed before my father betrayed to her an indifference, which soon grew into complete estrangement. I have no doubt a sudden accession of wealth created in him a desire to be connected with the nobility, and pointed out the possibility of accomplishing such a purpose, could he be released from his wife. This has always been my opinion, and I am afraid, my friends, you will soon not only agree with me, but be forced into the conviction that my father was the cause of my mother’s death. It must have been some

dreadful proposition—but I anticipate.

“From my birth up to my twenty-second year, nothing worthy of mention transpired. My father, when not locked up in his study, was absent, no one knew where, and a deep melancholy settled upon my mother. Her only recreation was the narration of her history to me. This she repeated so often that I became alarmed for her,—suspecting that she was about to relapse into insanity. Her story was a simple one,—I can tell it in a very few words.

“She was a governess in an English family travelling up the Rhine, and became acquainted with Herr Hoffman, her first husband, at Coblenz. Contrary to the advice of her patrons, she married him and went to Geneva, where they lived happily for four years. Herr Hoffman was a man of imposing physiognomy, particularly when his face was viewed in profile. Struck with this peculiarity, my mother conceived the idea of working his likeness in embroidery. With a piece of white canvass, and some black floss, she executed an embossed Silhouette, so much resembling Herr Hoffman that it was only necessary to see it once to recognize the original. It was of this Silhouette she spoke so frantically, when first discovered in the Alps. She had just fastened it around her child’s neck—a little boy of scarcely three years—when the avalanche overwhelmed them. You know the rest.

“I engaged physicians to examine my mother, and they spoke confidently of an aneurism of the heart. They enjoined absolute quiet and freedom from excitement.—This opinion was reported to my father. He knew well that any violent agitation would destroy her, and alienated from her as he was,

with schemes of ambition distracting his mind, what scruples had he? Oh, that I may be wrong!—but there hangs a heavy load of horror upon me, gentlemen, in the supposition—why do I hesitate? Let me come to it at once.

“It was on the tenth of April, three years ago, and the anniversary of my twenty-second birthday. In the morning I received a message from my father, desiring me to visit him in his study. The object of this interview, the first and only one I ever had with him, was the announcement of his determination to unite me by marriage with the family of the Baron Lobstein. I declined with, perhaps, more firmness than I should have exhibited, and the consequence was an outbreak of passion. I received, with scorn, the many threats thrown out to intimidate me; and resolved to protect my mother, who was denounced as the cause of my obstinacy. It was the evening of that day. We had a garden extending half a mile along the banks of the Elbe. In this garden my mother was in the habit of walking, and sometimes she passed beyond it into the public highway. I was strolling along the main walk, in search of her, when I heard a cry outside of the garden wall. It was repeated a moment afterwards, and then followed a rapid succession of screams. I knew it was my mother, and I rushed forward to save her. Before I reached the gate, it was opened, and she came running towards me, with her arms outstretched, and exclaiming: ‘Oh, Adolph, my son, let me die! let me die! I cannot survive it—I do not wish to live another moment!’ I caught her in my arms, and her head fell upon my shoulder. I asked her what had happened, but she returned no answer. I looked in her face, and oh, imaginé my

feelings, when I found that my mother was dead—dead, standing up in my arms!”

Winther paused, overcome by emotion, and we could not speak a single word to encourage him, so much were we overcome by the awful tableau he had just described. In a few moments he regained his composure, and continued as follows:

“It is needless to speak of my many months of mourning. My mother’s death, however, was only the first decided turn in the wheel of torture,—the others came in rapid succession. Six months before the melancholy event I have just narrated, I became acquainted with a man by the name of Rosenkranz. He lived in a cottage not far from our villa, and received my advances kindly, although, at first view, he seemed somewhat misanthropical. It was his daughter, Bertha, who first attracted me to their cottage. I had met her, now and then, in my walks, and was enchanted with her artlessness and surpassing beauty. To love her was inevitable. She loved me in return—but oh, ruin and death were her—”

“Winther!” exclaimed McDonald, half rising from his chair.

“No, no, McDonald, by Heaven! No. Listen to me. It was not long after my mother’s death before I hastened to Rosenkranz, and laid before him my plans. I proposed to marry Bertha, and, as soon as I could obtain money, make our escape into England. Rosenkranz consented; but desired me to take him to America instead of England, as he had recently ascertained that his son, whom he had not seen for many years, was living and prospering in the city of New Orleans. I must confess that there was something mysterious in Rosenkranz’s character. His reserve—his indif-

ference—his apathetic passiveness, displeased me. But I cared not,—Bertha was my prize, and I married her”—a noble pride beamed from Winther's eye—“yes, McDonald, I married her.

“I can never forget her words, when I placed upon her finger a jeweled ring. There was upon the same finger a plain gold ring, somewhat too large. ‘See, Adolph,’ she said, ‘how loose this ring is.—Yours fits tightly to my finger, and cannot be removed. Ah, when my hand shrivels in death, this one will drop into the dust; but yours will remain fast—firm, Adolph, as my love for you.’

“I busied myself night and day in maturing my plans. My father was absent, and, for that reason, I was not so circumspect as I ought to have been. I secured my mother's jewels, and converted everything I could find into money.—The day was fixed upon for our escape;—I was elated with my prospect of happiness, and yet I was all the time standing upon the brink of misery—misery, of which you can yet form no conception—of which your imaginations can furnish you no picture.

“My father returned, and sent me a message requiring me to attend him. I refused to obey, and determined to leave his house the next morning. That night I was awakened by the entrance into my chamber of six men, who bound me fast in my bed. They then brought in bars of iron and hammers, and set about converting my room into a dungeon. When morning came they unbound me, but I was a prisoner. Through a narrow slit, which they had cut in my door, I could see a sentinel pacing to and fro in the passage.—I called to him, but he paid no attention to me. I appealed to his successor (for they were changed

every six hours,) I offered bribes, and, in despair, threatened;—but it was of no avail. My distress was insupportable, for, being unable to communicate with Bertha, I dreaded the effect my absence might produce upon her. She might suppose me murdered or false. In this state of anxiety, I begged my guard to acquaint my father with my willingness to see him. I was answered that he was not at home.

“Days, weeks, months passed on without any amelioration of my wretched condition, and I yielded to despair. One beautiful day in June, more than a year after my cruel capture, I thought I detected in the sentinel's eye a desire to speak with me. I was soon convinced of it, by his placing his finger upon his lip, when he saw that I suspected him, and, in my eagerness to question him, hazarded detection. I fell back upon my bed, trembling in anxious expectation. Turn after turn he made without gratifying me; at one time frowning, when I was too impatient—and, at another, smiling encouragingly, when I remained quiet. At last a letter was dexterously tossed through the slit in my door. I seized and tore it open. It was from Bertha. Oh, how I devoured the contents of that letter. She knew of my imprisonment,—the sentinel was a friend,—a scheme was on foot for my deliverance.—She had nothing to send me but the plain Silhouette she wore habitually around her neck—she would send it next time,—my father had returned. She was well—and—oh God! had borne me a son.—I leaned my burning forehead against the cold iron bars, and suffered the hot tears to stream over my cheeks; and when they stopped too soon, I read the letter over again, and wept afresh. Oh I was happy in my prison,—but how soon

to be dashed down into woe too terrible for this world. You said to me this evening, McDonald, that you sometimes thought I was crazy. I do not think I am; but I can only give this explanation *why* I am not. You understand the principle upon which the surgeon heats his cauterizing iron to a white heat, when he wishes to destroy a diseased mass. The intense heat destroys vitality so suddenly, that the patient feels little pain. So it was with me. I was so stupefied by the first shock, that I received the second—by far the most overwhelming—with a calmness amounting to listlessness, and could have borne, with patience, the train of mysterious annoyances which have continued to pursue me, were it not that I am goaded to wreak vengeance, and cannot discover my foe.

"I sat down in a delightful reverie, and built me air-castles until I almost laughed aloud. Suddenly I was startled by a loud noise, as of some heavy substance falling upon the floor. It was in a distant part of the building, but the jar was distinctly felt where I stood. I sprang up, and saw that the sentinel had stopped to listen; for it was one of those sounds that impose the expectation of something else to follow. Ten minutes afterwards there was a cry heard—the cry of a person in great fright, followed by the slamming of a door. There came a pause of a few minutes, after which voices were heard, indistinct from distance, but plainly in anxious enquiry. So acute had become my hearing, that I could detect some one cautiously opening a door, and then the whole building vibrated with shriek upon shriek. Rapid footsteps resounded in every direction; my sentinel dropped his bludgeon and deserted me. The noise below grew tumultuous,

as of a host of persons not knowing what to do. In a moment more I became aware that they were approaching me. They rushed up the stair-case—along the passage;—they dashed down my door, and caught me rudely by the arms. Not a word was spoken—they were all speechless with terror. I was pushed forward by those behind me, and beckoned on by those before, until I descended the stairs and passed through the hall. In this way we approached the door of my father's study.—Those in front of me now fell back, and I was thrust through the door with such violence, that I fell forwards upon my hands, while, at the same time, I heard the multitude making their escape from the house—and I was alone,—great Heaven! alone—with—."

Here Winther became choked in his utterance, and paused. At this moment I heard outside of my door a slight noise, like the rustling of a curtain. Winther observed it, too, but his attention was called away by the earnest appeal of McDonald:

"Heaven help us!" he exclaimed. "What have you to disclose, Winther? Out with it, man,—this instant out with it, or you will drive me mad!"

"I was left alone"—continued Winther, with a sudden calmness that made his communication the more appalling—"alone with my father. He was dead,—with his neck broken across the back of his chair. His right leg had been thrust across the table, pushing off, upon the floor, an iron chest. One hand grasped tightly the upper round of the chair, and the other clutched the torn extremity of a cravat. The dislocation of the neck was so complete, that the reversed head hung half way down the back of the chair, while the

hair, matted into a bloody peak, touched the floor. The effect of this spectacle upon me was so stunning, that, for a while, I could not move. It was so surpassingly awful that it appeared ludicrous to me, and, at length, in a fit of temporary insanity, I crawled up near to my father's face, upon my hands and knees, and burst into loud peals of laughter. In this situation I was found by the police, and placed in custody, upon a charge of being the murderer. The known animosity between me and my parent, had caused a momentary suspicion to be directed against me; but, as you may well suppose, I was soon released. In fact, I was set at large that very afternoon, just in time to be crushed by the intelligence that Bertha and her child were found murdered on the bank of the Elbe. My soul was withered—insensible. I do not believe I shed a single tear, but sat like a remaining victim, awaiting the next blow to fall upon me.

"Such a rapid succession of atrocities threw the city of Prague into consternation. The boldness and complete success of the deed paralyzed the energy of the police; they knew not where to direct their search for the detection of the murderer. An inquest was held, and a most elaborate examination of the bodies instituted. The manner in which my father was killed remained inexplicable. It was supposed that not less than ten men could have accomplished his assassination, in the way indicated by his appearance; for he was himself a man of uncommon muscular strength. The only clue to the assassin was the piece of cravat found in his right hand. As to Bertha, she and her infant were destroyed by the same blow. This knife was found lying near her. Her right hand was cut off near the wrist, but

could nowhere be found. It was conjectured that, having raised her arm to defend herself, her hand in being severed was thrown into the river. The Silhouette which she was in the habit of wearing suspended around her neck, was also gone. But the most remarkable circumstance of all was the disappearance of Herr Rosenkranz. Accurate descriptions of him were sent to all the police stations throughout the country, but without success—he could not be found. I do not know how general the suspicion was, which the citizens of Prague directed against Rosenkranz, but I perceived that, as the chances of his arrest diminished, search was abandoned, and in six months after the tragedy, all inquiry had ceased. The chief of the police, at my request, delivered to me the knife;—I have worn it within quick reach of my right hand ever since.

"I wandered away from Prague, a desolate, tearless, devoted avenger of innocent blood; and I have overtaken him whom I seek, here in Giessen."

"And why have you spared him?" asked McDonald.

"He is invisible," answered Winther.

"Come, Winther," urged McDonald, "banish all this nonsense from your mind. Go with me to-morrow, and I will take care of you. Change of scenery, new friends, and—"

"You think I am mad," said he; "but I have a witness here. Will you believe Maxwell?"

At Winther's request, I told McDonald what I had heard in the billiard-room. His astonishment was great.

"Put me in possession of all the facts, Winther," he exclaimed, "and I warrant you I will be able to expose the trick. I have no doubt

we shall find it a very shallow one, when I come to examine it."

"Well, then," continued Winther, "I arrived at Giessen with the intention of remaining only a day. My destination was Bonn. To amuse myself, I walked over to the Gleiberg, for the purpose of examining a curious old tower, the ruins of which you know, stand upon the summit of that mountain.—While resting at the base of the tower, a sound passed by me like the humming of a beetle in rapid flight; but my own name was so distinctly pronounced in it, that I started up, and involuntarily asked: 'Who calls me?'"

"Again it flitted by me, repeating my name.

"'I am here,' I cried.

"Adolph Winther, would you meet face to face the murderer of Bertha?"

"These words were pronounced in the same humming tone, and at various distances from my face,—sometimes, as I thought, within six inches of my ear, and then retreating several paces. It was precisely as if some one had tied a string to a beetle, and caused it to buzz to and fro about my head. I reasoned upon the curious circumstance, and soon settled down upon the opinion that it was an hallucination. But no one can believe implicitly in an hallucination. Spectral illusions have, by their continued reappearance, overturned the soundest reasoning. That very evening, on my return to Giessen, the voice arrested me in my path, near a little belt of wood. This time it was taunting.

"Adolph Winther, you do not answer; are you afraid?" These words fluttered near the ground before me, as though they were conveyed by a butterfly. But the word 'afraid' was uttered in a low shout, some ten feet to my right, in a

clump of bushes. I plunged into the ticket, and as I stabbed forward with my knife, a being bounded up before me, and leaping over me, disappeared in the undergrowth on the opposite side of the road. The Marburg student was not then at large, Maxwell.

"This adventure determined me to remain in Giessen. I became initiated into the corps of the Starkenburgers, and launched forth into all the wild *diablerie* of the Burschenschaft. I drank and fought until they made me the senior of the corps.

"Report has told you how I became humiliated,—how, in the midst of a combat, the voice fluttered up between me and my antagonist, and I was wounded in my face. Since then it has followed me day and night,—asking me the same question, and laughing at my impotent rage. What think you now, M'Donald, can you give me the exposition you promised?"

"It is the Marburg student!" exclaimed M'Donald, "and I can tell you how you can—"

He stopped abruptly and stared towards the door. Winther sprang up and made a step in the same direction, while I sank down upon the floor utterly helpless; for between us and the door was heard, in a tone between the lulling drone of the rattle-snake and the floating strain of an Æolian Harp, the words:

"Adolph Winther would you meet, face to face, the murderer of Bertha?"

"Aye villian!" exclaimed Winther, "you know I would."

"When?" murmured the voice.

"To-morrow morning," screamed Winther.

"Where?"

"At the Staufenburg!"

"Your second?"

"Maxwell!—and yours!"

"Your father, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

A stream of light beamed through the key-hole. M'Donald and Winther both rushed to the door, and with their combined strength tore it from its hinges. But they staggered back, as a long black curtain moved forward into the room.—Through a slit in it, a pale shriveled hand was protruded, in the palm of which was a porcelain disk containing a fluid, that blazed up with a crimson flame. Winther grasped the hand and dashed it upon the table. My brain grew dizzy. The last thing I saw that night was Winther waving his arm like a torch, and the last words I heard were expressions of dismay, as M'Donald stamped upon the floor and exclaimed:

"Wolff, the idiot! Confusion! Wolff, the idiot!"

* * * * *

It was a week before they told me anything. I was too feeble,—my questions were evaded. But when they did venture to inform me of what had happened, I learned that Winther was in prison. He had rushed upon Wolff, and inflicted a severe wound in his throat, which, however, was not considered mortal. Time rolled on. With the assistance of Betscheu, I could begin to walk along the corridor, and eventually to go into the town. As soon as I was able, I obtained permission to visit Winther in his prison. He was rejoiced to see me. He told me that public opinion was against him, somewhat, for attempting to slay an idiot, and without provocation; but quite recently the students had become much excited by the discovery, that Wolff, instead of being an idiot, was a man of uncommon shrewdness, and had acknowledged that the quarrel was

of his own provoking. Nothing was talked of at the corps-meetings but the anticipated—the inevitable duel, which the code at the Burscheuschaft required to take place, as soon as the one recovered from his wound, and the other received his liberty.

I do not know how much of my shattered health I might have regained;—there was not much to hope it is true. The rotundity of my chest had disappeared, my shoulders curved forwards, and an exhausting expectoration harrassed me incessantly. Still I gained strength. But the finishing blow was near at hand;—it was not a month ago.

Winther had been released. He immediately sought me, and announced his intention of meeting Wolff at an early day. It is generally believed in Giesson that I approved of Winther's course and acted as his second. It is not so. I endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, by pointing out the many days of unhappiness—of remorse, which would follow his triumph; and declaring to him that there was a vengeance in forgiveness, far above the reach of retaliation. It was in vain. I spoke of the propriety of handing Wolff over to the justice, and having him punished for the murders of which he no doubt was guilty: but he laughed a scornful laugh and rebuked me.

The day came, and I accompanied Winther to the Staufenberg. A host of students had assembled there. I gazed long upon Wolff, and was struck with the expression of intelligence, which had taken the place of the idiotic stare formerly characterizing his features; but I could not recognize in him the person, whom I met in the gambling saloon in New Orleans.

The pistols were loaded and

handed to the principals. A coin was tossed up and Wolff won the first fire. In despair I walked up closer to Winther, to support him should he be hit. I felt that I was about to be left alone in the world. Wolff, after taking a deliberate and steady aim, fired; but so wide of the antagonist, that I felt convinced the failure was designed. Winther then raised his pistol and fired. The ball took fatal effect upon Wolff, who, with a harsh execration in his dying breath, staggered forward, and, as he fell, threw (I thought involuntarily) a package from his bosom. It instantly divided into two parcels, one of which, a piece of white pasteboard, fell to the ground, attracting wholly the notice of the by-standers. The other was heavy, and reached Winther without being observed by any person besides myself. He caught it—regarded it with fixed attention, and then bounded from the ground like a man shot through the heart. The unearthly cry that escaped him still rings in my ear. No one understood his exclamation but myself. It was ROSENKRANZ!—The object he had seen, and which I

snatched from him, was the long lost Silhouette of Herr Hoffman, and Wolff was the child around whose neck it had been placed. These discoveries burst at once upon my mind.

The mysterious death of Winther's mother was now explained. She had, no doubt, seen Rosenkranz, and recognized in him her first husband. Winther had slain his brother! He leapt and raved, an unmanageable maniac, clutching at the piece of paste-board which was withheld from him by force.—I did not see what it was,—I had fallen to the ground helpless—speechless. They conveyed me to my lodgings. I have not left them since,—I am never to leave them alive.

My task is done. For several days past Winther's raving has changed to a hoarse gibberish;—he is sinking. Reader, look to the enclosed letter. I am growing weak. My pulse is a mere thread—my hands are covered with a cold perspiration, and the *feeling within me* has changed into an incessant, spasmodic gasp. It grows dark.—It is the evening of the fifth day.—God! have mercy upon me!

KISS ME!

Kiss me darling! when I kiss you,
Kiss me back and back again!
Lips are only rosy petals,
Kisses drops of fragrant rain!

Where's the harm, then? I could give you
Reasons, dear! for every one,—
Only that I may not tell them
In the broad and garish sun.

Take, at least (I think) a sweet one!—
And I know you'll think with me—
'Tis the Scripture: "Do to others
What thou'd'st have them do to thee.

On some points which have been overlooked in the past and present condition of Niagara Falls. By LEWIS R. GIBBES. [Read before the Elliott Society, Charleston, S. C., 1857.] 8 vo. pp. 10.

This pamphlet, not without interest even to a casual reader, discusses a subject which has claimed the earnest attention of American and European Geologists. The Falls of Niagara it is known, are gradually eating their way back towards Lake Erie. How far they have receded, since F. Hennepin looked on them, one hundred and eighty years ago, cannot be determined. Of late years, however, repeated observations have established the fact of their gradual recession. At some remote period, the waters of Niagara poured over the bluff at Lewiston. Foot by foot they have already cut out a vast gorge or channel, a thousand feet wide, three hundred feet deep and seven miles long, and are still engaged at the mighty work. How many years, or thousands of years, have passed away since this giant task was commenced? To reply to this question, the first that presents itself to the mind, we must first ascertain the present rate of recession. This, various naturalists have endeavored to do, with apparently wonderful disagreement. Some have estimated at a yard or more each year; others, again, at a mere fraction of a foot. Dr. Gibbes has thrown new light on this point.

The Niagara river, issuing from Lake Erie, pursues a northwest course for some distance, and then at once suddenly turning at right angles, takes a northeast course towards Lake Ontario. It is precisely in the angle of this turn, that the main or Horse Shoe Fall is seen—the American end of the Shoe half crossing the north-westward stream, and the Canada end bending so as

to cross the north-eastward stream. The American Fall, separated from the American end of the Shoe by Goat Island, is, in reality, a lateral and subordinate Fall into the old gorge or northeast channel, nearly a third of a mile below the present position of the main cataract.

From Hennepin's drawing it is clear that, in 1678, the American Fall existed, and that the main cataract had then passed it several hundred yards—certainly more than half its present distance. Four hundred years, at least, must therefore have elapsed since the two Falls were separated, and the American Fall was left to its own action.—By a careful examination of its banks it is clear that it has not receded since its commencement more than forty yards. We may, therefore, set down three inches a year as its utmost rate of recession.

On the other hand, the main Fall has very much changed since F. Hennepin saw it. From his drawing it seems that a small island existed very near the Canada shore, producing a third diminutive fall, perhaps like that now between Iris and Goat Islands. This Canada island has been entirely swept away. We think the cliff of Table Rock for several hundred feet below the Fall, bears traces of this comparatively recent erosion. One thing is certain, the Main Fall is receding far more rapidly than the American Fall—in Dr. Gibbes' estimation, fifteen or twenty times as fast. He shows very clearly, we think, that the main line of recession is the Canada portion of the Horse Shoe, which crosses the gorge already excavated; and not

the American portion, which runs parallel with the gorge, and is in a line with the face of Goat Island Cliff, and the American Fall, further down the stream. If we adopt this view, and it seems very reasonable to us, then the Main Fall has receded full 800 yards, since the separation of the two Falls, while the American Fall was receding 40 yards. This gives a rate for the recession of one, twenty times as great as that of the other. Even if we do not adopt the Dr.'s view of the main receding line, the rate will still be fifteen times greater for one than for the other.

Dr. Gibbes discusses at some length the probable causes of this remarkable difference of rates. He is not satisfied that the difference in the volumes of water discharged is sufficient to account for it, and he looks to the co-operation of other causes. Currents are notoriously unmanageable, and uncertain in mechanics as well as in navigation. But we think they may be held accountable for the effects in question.

Dr. G. supposes the depth of water over the American Fall not to exceed 10 feet. Professor Hall, is reluctant to allow more than 5 feet. And we confess we incline to his opinion. The Main Fall, as Dr. G. shows, is not less than 20 nor more than 100 feet in thickness. Prof. Hall says it must be less than 50 feet. Now a stream of water 5 feet deep, falling over a perpendicular ledge, as at the American Fall, will deliver 6.64 cubic yards

per second over a linear yard of the ledge. While a stream 40 feet deep,—taking that as the depth of of water on the ledge of the Main Fall, will deliver more than 150 cubic yards per second, over the same space—a difference more than commensurate with the ratio of recession.

The vast difference in power of the two Falls can scarcely fail to strike even a cursory observer. A mass of vast fragments of stone lie piled to one-fourth of its height against the base of the cliff of the American Fall, on which the waters are dashed into foam, and which they have not power to remove. The same is seen at the American extremity of the Horse Shoe, near Iris' Island. But in the middle or deep portion, the vast column of water plunges downward unbroken and buries itself so deep below the surface of the river, that the superficial waters are comparatively smooth. The "Maid of the Mist" sports on their bosom in safety, and drives her bowsprit into the very spray of the descending cataract. No mass of fragments is left here, protecting the lower and softer strata from rapid disintegration, or aiding the upper limestone against the weight and thrust of the rushing waters.

The main points of this pamphlet are in truth "well taken" and are original with Dr. Gibbes.—They must henceforth be held of primary importance in any scientific discussion of the Falls of Niagara.

UNPUBLISHED REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

NO. VII.—LETTERS OF JOHN RUTLEDGE.

NO. VII.—LETTER TO DELEGATES.

Charlotte, Dec. 7, 1780.

Gent: At Salisbury I wrote to you a very long letter, beginning about the 20th and ending about the 27th ultimo, delivered it on that day to Mr. Baird, who was just then setting off for Lancaster. He promised if he went immediately from thence to Philadelphia, to deliver it, if not, to send it per express, so that I presume you will receive it in a few days from this date. The enclosed will give you our latest news from Charles Town, and an account of Gen. Sumter's engagement with Wemyss and Tarlton, of Col. Marion with some Tories, of Lt. Col. Washington's success against Rugely; but what do all these things avail towards the grand point of regaining our country, the distresses of which I want words to describe.

On the 25th ult., I went to Col. Watson's, in the new acquisition, (So. Ca.) about 20 miles from hence, to confer with Gen'l Sumter, who had removed thither; it was really melancholy to see the desolate condition of poor Hill's plantation, and the situation of his family; all his fine Iron works, Mills, dwelling house and Buildings of every kind, even his negro houses, reduced to ashes, and his wife and children in a little log hut. I was shocked to see the ragged, shabby condition of our brave and virtuous men, who would not remain in the power of the enemy, but have taken to arms; this, however, is but a faint description of the suffering of our unfortunate country, for it is beyond a doubt

that the enemy have hanged many of our people, who, from fear and the impracticability of removing, had given Parol, and who, from attachment to our side, had joined it—nay, Tarlton has, since the action at Blackstocks, hung one Capt. Johnston, a magistrate of respectable character; they have also burnt a prodigious number of houses, and turned a vast many women, formerly of affluent or easy fortune, with their children, almost naked, into the woods. Tarlton, at Gen'l Richardson's widow's, exceeded his usual barbarity for having dined in her house, he not only burnt it after plundering everything it contained, but having drove into the barns, a number of cattle, hogs and poultry, he consumed them, together with the barn and the corn, in one general blaze; and this, because he believed the poor old General was with the Rebel army, though had he opened his grave before the door, he might have seen the contrary. Many men of the staunchest Inhabitants of So. Carolina (it is said about 90) have been sent, about a fortnight ago, to St. Augustine, and others are to follow. I have not been able to procure a list of them. I believe none is published; but I recollect that Mr. A. Middleton is of the number. Mr. Gadsden is confined to the castle. The rest of the first set are on parol in the Town. Col. C. C. Pinckney's family are turned out of his house. In short, the enemy seem determined, if they can, to break every man's spirit, and if they can't, to ruin him. Engagements of capitulation and proclamations are no security against

their oppressions and cruelties.— They make a great parade of Mr. Middleton, “formerly president of the Continental Congress,” and old Mr. Manigault having applied to be admitted as British subjects, which they have been. Indeed I fear many will follow their example. The unfortunate affairs near Camden, the want of any support ever since, and the little prospect of any, have affected the conduct of many who were well disposed, and whose hearts may perhaps still be with us. Our last accounts from Virginia, are that the enemy who had embarked on appearance of a Fleet, supposing they might be French (probably the Transports from New York for Charleston, as mentioned in the So. Carolina Gazette of 2d ult.,) had relanded on discovering them to be friends, and that a Reinforcement was expected in Virginia. If so, and the reinforcements expected in Charleston have arrived, or should arrive (which they probably will, if they have not already,) instead of moving downwards, it is likely that our manoeuvres may be of the retrograde kind. Indeed the present prospect is truly gloomy; very different from what you at Philadelphia conceive it, if you credit, which I presume you do, (willing to catch at good news, however improbable,) such intelligence as that published in Dunlap’s paper of the 4th ult., said to come from Richmond. Gen’l Green arrived here the 2d inst.; he left Baron Steuben to command for the present in Virginia. If the Baron is to take rank of Smallwood, he will leave us. However, you will hear from him on that head. Gen’l Green will establish expresses from here to Hillsborough (none having been yet appointed) and have all the Expresses from here to Philadelphia put upon the best footing

for regularity and despatches, so that I hope in future to hear from you at least once a week, oftener if you have anything material to communicate. No accounts from Charleston or elsewhere, respecting the Spaniards going against St. Augustine, or Pensacola. Your intelligence from Havana must, I think, be ill founded. Enveloped I send for your information, and the information of Congress and the Chevalier de la Luzerne, (but it should go no further) an account of the enemy’s strength and posts in S. Carolina and Georgia, and of our force in S. C. and this State, from which you may readily form a just opinion of affairs in this quarter. I have given Gen’l Greene a copy of this account of the enemy’s strength and posts, which probably he will transmit. I refer you to his account of our strength, but I believe you will find mine pretty accurate. Gen’l Gates, in his last letter to the Board of war (which pray peruse) expresses his sentiments very fully, respecting supplies, (or rather the want of ‘em) for the Southern Army. I am fully persuaded of your attention to every measure which I have recommended, but it is truly mortifying to find so much inattention in the department whose business it is to furnish supplies for the army. Very few of the articles ordered for the Southern department have ever reached the army; what have come are received in dribblets, and exceedingly bad order, so as to be of little if any service. Such conduct is shameful. What can you expect from an army who are in want of everything! There must be some strange mismanagement in your executive departments, (which should be inquired into and corrected,) or this would not happen, unless, indeed, the supplies can’t be had for want of money;

if that is the case, it is ridiculous to order a Board of war to furnish supplies, when they have not the means of procuring 'em, it is only tantalizing us, and productive of the worst consequences. But why have they not money? I am told every article which is wanted may be procured in Philadelphia for money or Bills. Why will not Congress draw? Surely it is our policy to draw, for neither France, Spain or Holland, will venture, however they may hereafter, to protest your Bills. How do you expect to carry on the war without money? Taxes, where a country is attacked or possessed by the enemy, can't be collected to keep pace with the demands for it. The President of Congress has transmitted to me their Resolve of Oct. 30, on the appointment of Gen. Greene to the Southern command. This Army is to consist of all the regular Regiments and Corps raised or to be raised, from the States of Delaware to Georgia inclusive.— This sounds high, but what that Army is at present you see; what it is likely to be, if composed only of such forces, you may judge. I will try what can be done with N. Carolina as to raising a permanent corps of regulars. Several gentlemen think the measure will go down when the Assembly meets next month. I am not so sanguine, but even if it does, when will they be equipt and embodied, fit for service? How men will be obtained in So. Carolina or Georgia without money or clothing, I know not; upon the whole, Gentlemen, it appears to me that the enemy in So. Carolina are, or soon will be, reinforced,—that the Troops in Virginia, under Leslie, will also be reinforced; that it is probable they will endeavor to effect a junction in N. Carolina, and if they make such an attempt in force, they will re-

ceive considerable aid from No. and So. Carolina, that they will either effect such junction, or in attempting it will ravage and distress this State; and as I can't conceive the policy of suffering the main army and the French troops to remain in Winter quarters in the Eastern States (where they can have nothing to fear,) instead of opposing the Enemy's vigorous operations in the Southern. I request and entreat you to use your utmost interest and endeavors to obtain, as soon as possible, such aid from the Grand Army, and from the forces of his most Christian Majesty, as may not only check the further progress of the enemy towards this State, but regain every part of S. Carolina and Georgia; and that you will have the proper department furnished with the money necessary for procuring and forwarding all the supplies which are wanted; that you will particularly press the sending 'em quite on to this army (not to be stopped or delayed in Virginia or No. Carolina) under the charge of a trusty person to attend 'em the whole way. I think Gen'l Washington's presence for a little while this way would have a most happy effect. I wish he would come and see with his own eyes, the importance of doing something effectual for South Carolina, for really everything hitherto has been trifling. He might return before he could be wanted at the Northward.

Suppose we could raise troops in South Carolina, how could they be officered according to the Resolve of Congress, of October 21? the officers of our Continental Battalions being prisoners of war. I wish to hear from you on that point. I do not see how others could be appointed to command these Regiments, and this circumstance is, therefore, an effectual

bar to any attempt to raise men. I wish to know (as the enemy have certainly broke the capitulation of Charleston, in many instances,) whether Congress would approve of the Continental Officers who are on parole at Haddrille's Point, coming, or being brought off, as I think such a measure might be effectual if approved by Congress, but without their consent it should not be attempted. This, however, must be kept a profound secret, otherwise the attempt might fail and our friends be ill-treated. I observe Gen. Greene is empowered to make exchanges of prisoners in the Southern department, but whom have we to exchange for our Continental Officers and Soldiers in Charleston? I wish to know the idea of Congress respecting the exchanges of our inhabitants taken in arms with the enemy. You recollect that we have always looked upon the exchanging them as a dangerous precedent; does the power given to Gen. Greene extend to such persons whose lives and fortunes are by our law of Treason forfeited? I should think not, for if we exchange them, we certainly acquit them of the offence of taking up arms against their country and allow the enemy to recruit their armies with impunity in our State. But, it may be said, if we do not, how are our militia to be exchanged? I don't know what practice has prevailed on this point in the Eastern States, where I presume their laws against their people taking up arms with the enemy, are similar to ours, but there should be an uniformity of conduct in the several States on this head; pray,

therefore, be explicit on it, and be pleased to inform me as soon as possible of the sentiment of Congress on these several points; also what steps are taken or taking for the relief of the Southern States; and what certainty there is of our receiving real, substantial aid, and when we may depend upon obtaining it. I think you have employed the Eagle Pilot Boat very well, and that she may be continued in the same service. If the letters which were intercepted on the way from Cornwallis' camp at Charlotte, to Charlestown, and which Gen. Gates sent to Congress are deciphered, pray let me know their contents. Should any overtures of peace be made, (though I see no prospect of them at present,) I trust that Congress will never listen to a Treaty of *uti possidetis*, whilst the enemy hold an inch of the Thirteen States. However, it will be best to use your utmost exertions to recover South Carolina as soon as possible, lest we should be obliged to accept such terms. I request your endeavors to effect an exchange of our prisoners in South Carolina as soon as you can, and give attention to having 'em supplied as well as possible during their captivity. By return of the 2nd flag you will know what articles were most wanted, and pray don't fail to send 'em. If a French force should really be coming this way, give us notice of their intention in time for us to make the necessary preparations for them.

I am with great regard and esteem, General,

Your most ob't servant,
J. RUTLEDGE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

They who live in great cities live much longer than those who dwell in the midst of nature; they probably number fewer years in reality, but every one of those years have so much compressed into them; The heart seems to measure life, just as the eye measures distance; the eye glances very rapidly across an unbroken plain, and a distant point seems near; but ground covered with objects to divert the eye, would cause it to wander through many miles in one.

But it is so much easier to die, when one lives continually within the sound of the beatings of nature's great pulses. In the midst of rapid life, when every one is rushing on after power, and wealth, and fame, it is so hard to die; death seems such an awful surrender of all human ties. We shrink from the idea that the multitude, in whose ranks we press on to-day, may tread recklessly to-morrow over our unknown graves. We are unwilling to give up our parts in the grand drama, whose successive scenes and changes are sweeping by, on the universal stage of the world. Life, with its great mechanism, its perfectness of art, science, and pleasure, seems to govern and develop itself. How can we close our eyes and sleep forever, when such fierce life is beating around us?—How can we become disembodied spirits, when we are so intensely human? How pass into spiritual life, when we are thrilling with human emotions, human desires, human loves, human passions? The great sea of the actual, rolls its waves around us, and the mist which rises from its continual agitations shuts out from our view the distant shores of the dim, mysterious realm of the future!

It is not so in a life spent near the heart of nature,—every object typifies the great change. We see the inanimate creation fading and dying at the approach of stern Winter; we see its grand renewal, its glorious palingenesis, when the tender breath of coming Spring calls it back to life. The influence of this nature passes into our spirits: death seems merely a change, a passing into another state of being,—it no longer appears to be such a sudden cutting down of all our present aims and struggles. We seem here to be so much nearer to God; the un sullied blue of the heavens bends so

tenderly over us; all the voices of nature cry aloud to us in tones of love and pity. Every wild flower teaches its humble lesson: every little brook murmurs softly to us. Humility is no longer a difficult virtue—why should we be proud to the quiet skies, to the solemn trees, to the swiftly flowing streams?—The pride of human strength and energy cannot be impressed upon them,—they are vast, they are not passing away.

It is when we feel our superiority over other men,—it is when we stand in the midst of a multitude, and feel an inward sense of power, that we are proud,—it is then that humility is a sublime and rare virtue.

Were it possible for an Athenian gentleman of the palmy age of the Commonwealth, to be introduced to the most magnificent of our modern marriage festivals, he would certainly look upon the ceremonies of the occasion as tame, spiritless, and meagre in the extreme. Even the union of scions of royal blood is in our day but a dull affair, compared with the average splendor of an Athenian wedding, i. e. if we use the word *splendor* not simply as significant of the amount of wealth lavished upon "purple and fine linen," but as embracing the *tout ensemble* of the display, the entire round of the festivities, and the number and variety of the agents employed to impart to them the compound effect of stateliness and geniality, the solemn pomp of religion, and the *bonhomie* of social mirth.

Certain writers of repute have gravely affirmed, that not until centuries after the Christian era did woman rise above the level of a chattel—a mere piece of gaudy household furniture, destined, when no longer ornamental, to be carelessly thrown aside,—and these are they who maintain that the Troubadours, and the spirit of chivalry, were the first and chief co-workers in elevating the sex to social honors. This is a slander upon Antiquity—a base libel which a jury of philosophers would doubtless punish with heavy damages. At least, let the proper exceptions be made. Are we, for example, to implicate all Greece in the charge of polygamy, because, in a comparatively

barbarous age, Hercules supported a regiment of wives, who, being in all portions of his kingdom, were ready dutifully to entertain their lord whenever he honored them with his society—because Theseus, Priam, Agamemnon, and other public characters, each maintained a well-ordered harem,—or lastly, because that reprobate, Philip of Macedon, married seven times, and would, had his vigor continued, married seven times more? Manifestly no injustice could be greater, and yet this is the injustice of which many, otherwise truthful writers, are continually guilty.

Our present object, however, is not controversy, but description. We shall give the details* of a Grecian wedding, from which the reader is at liberty to draw his own conclusions as to the position of woman among the most enlightened of ancient Peoples.

The marriageable age of males among the Athenians was fixed by Plato at thirty, and by Aristotle at thirty-seven years: but both seem to have agreed that *nineteen* was the proper age in the female; "thus," says the latter philosopher, "the husband and wife will flourish and decay together, and their offspring inheriting the bloom and highest vigor of their parents, be at once healthy in body and energetic in mind." No legitimate betrothal of parties could take place, at least in respectable society, until the gentleman proved his title to a house wherein to shelter his bride—an excellent custom surely, and worthy of all imitation.—Even in Theocritus, we find a certain idyllic lady, propounding to her lover this practical question: "You are very pressing, my dear Daphnis, and swear you love me, but this is not just now the question: *Have you a house to take me to?*" But let us suppose that the rites of betrothal have been duly performed. The virgin is about to leave the sacred shades of the *thalamoi* for the glare of the great world. Hitherto, she has worshipped the chaste Artemis only. But now she implores permission to transfer her homage to Hymen. Loaded with offerings of fruits and flowers, the maiden approaches the shrine of the pure Goddess, seeking to propitiate her favor not only with gifts, but with sacrifice and prayer. The Nymphs also receive their share of worship. Then, the future bride, surrounded by friends and retainers, is escorted to the Citadel, where, under circumstances of peculiar pomp and solemnity, sacrifice is offered to

Athena, "the tutelard Goddess of the State, with prayers for happiness, especially the gift of supreme wisdom."—Nor were Hera and the Fates neglected in these ante-conubial ceremonies.—Upon the altars of each of the Deities we have mentioned, the maiden deposited a lock of her hair, and in remoter times, according to Athenæus, *the whole of it*. The image of a blooming young girl, shaven like a Franciscan Friar, is not particularly pleasing, and therefore we do not wonder at the speedy discontinuance of the atrocious fashion.

And now, all preliminaries having been arranged, and every necessary rite observed, an auspicious day is selected for the wedding. The friends of the bride and bridegroom, regally apparelled, assemble at the residence of the bride's father. Hymns are sung, prayers made, offerings presented. Then, to the music of lutes, the bridegroom leads his love into the street, she being accompanied by her para-nymph, and he by a single groomsman. They mount into an open carriage, and are driven through the most public thoroughfares to the Temple. Of the usual style of costume, St. John, compressing into a brilliant page, the information to be found in Pausanias, Statius, Aristophanes, Thucydides, and several other writers upon this interesting topic, says: "Their dresses, as was fitting, were of the richest and most splendid kind. Those of the bridegroom, full, flowing, and of the gayest and brightest colors, glittered with golden ornaments, and diffused around, as he moved, a cloud of perfume. The bride herself, gifted with that unerring taste which distinguished her nation, appeared in a costume at once simple and magnificent—simple in its contour, its masses, its folds—magnificent from the brilliance of its hues, and the superb and costly style of its ornaments. She was not like some modern court dame, a blaze of precious stones tastelessly heaped upon each other, but through the snowy gauze of her veil flashed the jewelled fillet—the coronet-like sphendone, which, with a chaplet of flowers, adorned her dark tresses, and between the folds of her robe of gold-embroidered purple, appeared her gloveless fingers, with many rings glittering with gems. Strings of Red-Sea pearls encircled her neck and arms; pendants, variously wrought, and dropped with Indian jewels, twinkled in her ears; and her feet, partly concealed by the falling robe, displayed a portion

* We have derived these details from Athenæus, and the charming work on the "Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," by J. A. St. John.

of the golden-thonged sandal, crusted with emeralds, rubies, and pearls. But all these ornaments often failed to distract the eye from those which she owed to Nature. Her luxuriant hair, perfumed with delicate unguents, such as nard from Tarsos, ceratne from Cypros, essence of roses from Cyrene, of lilies from Ægina, or Cilicia, fell loosely in a profusion of ringlets over her shoulders, while in front it was confined by the fillet and grasshoppers of gold. More perishable ornaments, in the shape of crowns of myrtle, wild thyme, poppy, white sesame, with other flowers and plants sacred to Aphrodite, adorned the heads of both bride and bridegroom."

A large concourse of friends formed around the chariot, strewing flowers in the way, or swinging censers from which rolled clouds of perfume, whilst those most interested might be seen with their eyes anxiously directed towards the heavens, watching for the appearance of omens. If a solitary crow made its appearance above the procession, the event was interpreted as foreshadowing disaster; but a pair of crows, or turtle-doves, were looked upon as prophetic of halcyon fortunes.

Having reached the Temple, the Priest bearing in his hand a branch of ivy, meets the bride and bridegroom, and precedes them to the altar. The ceremonies are introduced by the sacrifice of a heifer, and the solemn invocation of all the virgin Goddesses, after which Zeus, Phœbus, the Graces, and lastly the Mother of Love—the divine Aphrodite—were successively addressed. "The victim meanwhile has been opened, and the gall taken out and significantly thrown *behind* the altar. Soothsayers, skilled in divination, inspected the entrails, and if their appearance was alarming, the nuptials were broken off or deferred. When favorable, the rites proceeded as if halloved by the smiles of the Gods. The bride now cut off one of her tresses, which, twisting round a spindle, she placed as an offering on the altar of Athena, while, in imitation of Theseus, the bridegroom made a similar oblation to Apollo, bound, as an emblem of his out-door life, round a handful of grass or herbs." All the other gods, protectors of marriage, were then, by the parents or friends, invoked in succession, and the rites thus completed, the virgin's father, placing the hand of the bridegroom in that of the bride, said, "I bestow on thee my daughter, that thine eyes may be gladdened by legitimate offspring." The oath of inviolable fidelity was now taken by both, and the ceremony

concluded with fresh sacrifices." These protracted ceremonies generally consumed the day, so that when the happy pair again sought their chariot, a convenient twilight enveloped the scene.—They were ushered on their way to the groom's house by torch-bearers, and bands of dancers and singers. Every variety of musical instrument was brought into requisition, the "phorminx," "the soft flute," and "the cittern's silver sound." So, borne upon a flood of melody, perfumes loading the air, bright and happy faces beaming on every side, offended by no discordant tone, or uncouth sight—amidst the voluptuous evening, and through a "purpling atmosphere" of bliss and hope, the favored couple approached the threshold of their future home. Here they were met by servants carrying various utensils for domestic use, such as sieves, pestles, &c., the object of which we presume was to remind the bride of the housewifery duties awaiting her. Through these the company passed to the banquetting hall, where the choristers chaunted the Epithalamium, the last notes of which had hardly died away, when troops of dancing girls, clashing silver cymbals, and crowned with myrtle wreaths, rushed, or rather floated with a dreamy grace, into the hall, "vividly representing, by their free, varied and easy movements, all the warmth and energy of passion." Then followed the feast, which, in the earlier days of the republic, was simple and unostentatious, but latterly displayed unbounded extravagance, and a sumptuousness truly regal; and thus the public ceremonies of the important occasion were concluded.

"Mr. Walter Savage Landor (says the Boston Courier) has been calling the attention of the British public to the fact—made known by William Howitt—that some of Shakspeare's descendants are in needy circumstances, with a view of procuring relief for them. But it is impossible that any descendant of Shakspeare should be in want, because there has been no such person in existence for nearly a hundred years. Shakspeare died in 1616, leaving two daughters only, Susanna and Judith. Judith married Mr. Thomas Quincy, a short time before her father's death. Three sons were born to her, but they all died before her, and she herself died in 1662.

Susanna, the elder daughter, married Dr. John Hall, and died in 1649. The sole issue of this marriage was a daughter, Elizabeth Hall, who was born before

her grandmother's death, and is mentioned in his will, though called his "niece," a word used at that time to denote relationship generally. She was twice married; first to Mr. Thomas Nash, and afterwards to Sir John Bayard, but she never had any children, and died in 1670. With her ended the direct line of Shakspeare.

It is curious how few of the great men of England, whether in literature, science, or government, have left descendants. The line of Shakspeare is extinct, as we have seen; so is that of Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Gibbon, Johnson, Swift, Lord Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Thompson, Goldsmith, Gay, Congreve, Hume, Bishop Butler, Locke, Hobbes, Adam Smith, Bentham, Wollaston, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence; either they were never married, or never had children. Burke's son died before him, and so did Smollet's daughter. Addison's daughter died unmarried. We are not aware that there are any lineal representatives of Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, or Barrow.—We have mentioned only such names as occurred to us without reference; a little research might doubtless much increase the list.

In the bull-fighting days, a Wednesbury blacksmith, who was rearing a bull-pup, induced his old father to go on all fours, and imitate a bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the paternal roaring, exclaimed, "Hold him Growler boy, hold him! bear it, feyther, bear it! *It'll be the making of the pup!*"

Bayard Taylor, in his voyage from Christiana to Drontheim, some time last January, had a funny discussion on board about religious matters, growing out of which, he says, in *The Tribune*:

"I was reminded of a criticism which I heard a portly Englishman make the other day on Emerson's 'English Traits.' 'Because the man has no religion himself,' said he, 'he thinks we have none.' 'No,' I mildly ventured to remark, 'he fully recognizes the religious element in the English character, but he discriminates between it and your reverence for the Church as a part of the Government.' I was answered by a stare of surprise, as if Religion and the Established Church could possibly be two different things. One of the passengers, a communicative, gentlemanly person, as-

tonished me by speaking of St. Paul's missionary labors in England! 'St. Paul in England!' I exclaimed, 'Oh, yes,' he asserted, 'he introduced Christianity before the Roman invasion.' 'Why,' I said, 'the Roman invasion was before Christ.' 'Oh, oh,' stammered he in some embarrassment, 'don't exactly mean the political invasion—I mean the religious invasion under St. Augustine!'"

An Athenian gentleman presented the famous courtesan *Glyceria*, with a very small jar of wine and sought to enhance its value by pretending it was sixteen years old.

"Then it is extremely *little for its age*." To how many modern wits has not this bon mot been attributed!

Those Hetairee were exceedingly keen. A comic poet remarked to one of them that the water from her cistern was delightfully cold.

Ah yes! it has always been so since we have got into the habit of throwing your plays into it."

"The Shepherd's Hunting"—from which the following exquisite verses are taken—verses every Poet should know by heart—was written by George Wither in his twenty-sixth year, while incarcerated in the *Marshalsea* prison. He had previously published a satire entitled "*Abuses Stript and Whipt*," whose bold denunciation of the government, and its measures could not, of course, be suffered to go unpunished. In the Civil war, which soon after overwhelmed Charles 1st and his ministers, Wither espoused the cause of the people, and sold his patrimonial estate to raise a troop of horse for the Parliament. In the course of the contest he was promoted to the rank of Major General, and subsequently from the sequestered estates of certain Cavaliers, obtained a large fortune, of which at the Restoration he was remorselessly stripped. Wither remonstrated against this procedure, but his remonstrance was unanimously voted to be a *libel*, and the unlucky Poet was again thrown into prison. In 1663 he was released under bond of good behavior, and died in London on the 2d of May, 1665, at the ripe age of *seventy-nine* years.

ON HIS MUSE.

And though for her sake I am crost
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double,

I should love, and keep her too,
 Spite of all the world could do:
 For though banished from my flocks,
 And confined within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night,
 She doth for my comfort stay
 And keeps many cares away
 Though I miss the flowery fields
 With those sweets the spring-time yields,
 Though I may not see those groves,
 Where the Shepherds chaunt their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voiced Philomel:
 Though of all those pleasures past,
 Nothing now remains at last
 But remembrance—poor relief,
 That more makes than mends my grief;
 She's my mind's companion still,
 Maugre envy's evil will:
 Whence she should be driven too
 Were't in mortal's power to do.
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the 'midst of sorrow,
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace.
 And the blackest discontents
 To be pleasing ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw
 I could some invention draw,
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight:
 By the murmur of a spring
 Or the least bough's rusteling;
 By a daisy whose leaves spread,
 That when Titan goes to bed;
 Or a shady bush, or tree,
 She could more infuse in me
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man;
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness
 In the very gall of sadness.
 The dull loneliness—the black shade
 That these hanging vaults have made,
 The strange music of the waves
 Beating on these hollow caves;
 This black den which rocks emboss
 Overgrown with eldest moss:
 The rude portals which give light
 More to terror than delight;
*This, my chamber of neglect
 Wall'd about with disrespect!
 From all these, and this dull air
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort, and delight.*
 Wherefore thou best earthly bliss
 I will cherish thee for this,—
 POET! thou sweet'st content
 That e'er Heaven to mortals lent;
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,

Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
*Though thou be to them a scorn
 That to naught but earth are born;
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee:
 Though our wise ones call thee madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness
 If I love not thy maddest fits
 More than all their greatest wits:
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to condemn
 What makes knaves, and fools of them.*

While the late rebellion in India is exciting the attention of the world, we have accidentally encountered an article in a back number of "*The Edinburgh Review*," some quotations from which we beg leave to lay before our readers. These quotations establish amongst other things the exquisite propriety of British action on the subject of slavery. Will the Exeter-Hall Philanthropists continue to throw up their eyes in holy horror at their neighbors' enormities, and thank God that they are not as the publicans and sinners, after this terrible *expose* of the reckless and culpable mismanagement of their own humane government in India. It seems that in a debate "which took place in the House of Commons, June 11th, 1854, on the motion of Mr. Blackett, the member for Newcastle" for a Commission of inquiry into the Tenure of Land in the Madras Presidency, "it was formerly alleged that in the collection of the land revenue in that Presidency, the government officials were in the habit of employing tortures."—The statement was received with incredulity and amazement. A Commission of inquiry was immediately appointed, whose investigations have established the truth of the allegation *in full*, and moreover elicited details of the most revolting description. Let it be remembered that in the land-tenure of Madras (known as the *ryot warry system* "the government holds the place of direct landlord," and is therefore directly responsible for all the abuses which disgrace the system. In Revenue cases, and for purposes of Police, (such as the extortion of confession from suspected offenders, compelling reluctant witnesses to speak, &c.,) it is clearly shown that tortures of various kinds, and of the last severity have been continually resorted to. Here are a few paragraphs from the Commissioner's Report:

"The Commissioners declare (p. 45.) as 'the only conclusion which any impartial minds could arrive at,' that 'per-

sonal violence practised by the native revenue and police officials generally prevails throughout the Presidency; and, adverting to the objection taken by some of the witnesses to describing under the name 'torture' the 'personal violence,' the use of which is clearly proved, they declare their conviction, that, if the word 'torture' be used in the ordinary acceptance assigned to it by Dr. Johnson, 'pain by which guilt is punished, or confession (and they would add, money) extorted,' this word may, 'with perfect propriety, be applied to designate the practices prevalent in Madras.' They add, indeed, that it is beyond all dispute 'that many practices which indubitably exist, must cause acute, if temporary or even momentary, agony; and that in no few recorded instances (as appears by the calendars,) even death has followed upon their infliction.'

The tortures most fashionable are described as follows:

"The tortures which the Commissioners find to have been employed are of various kinds and of different degrees of severity. Some of them are so light as to amount to little more than a menace. Some are so severe as to cause not only extreme present pain, but permanent injuries, mutilation, and even, not unfrequently death. Some of them exhibit an amount of diabolical ingenuity on the part of the torturer, and a degree of moral abasement and degradation in the victim, of which our western minds can hardly form a conception; some, in fine, are so loathsome and indecent, and at the same time so excruciating, that, although they are set down nakedly in the Report, we must abstain from any specific allusion to their nature.

"The most common forms of torture appear to be the *Kittee* (in Telooquo called *Cheerata*), and the *Anundal*, which in the same language is called *Gingeri*.

"The *kittee* corresponds with the thumb-screw of the European torturer. It is a wooden instrument somewhat like a *lemon-squeezer*, between the plates of which the hands, the thighs, (in women, also the breasts,) the ears, and other more sensitive parts of the body are squeezed to the last point of endurance, often to fainting, and even to permanent disablement. In many places the *kittee* has been superseded by the more simple plan of violently compressing the hands under a flat board, on which a heavy pressure is laid, sometimes even by the peons standing upon it; or of compelling the sufferer to interlace his fingers, and delivering him over to the iron gripe of the peons (or policemen,) who sometimes rub their hands

with sand, in order to give them a firmer grip. In other cases the fingers are bent back till the pain becomes unendurable.

"The *anundal* is a more purely eastern torture. It consists in tying the victim in a stooping or otherwise painful and unnatural position, generally with the head forcibly bent down to the feet by a rope or cloth passed around the neck and under the toes. The posture, however, is varied at the caprice of the executioner. Sometimes the poor wretch is made to stand on one leg, the other being forcibly tied up to his neck. Sometimes the arms and legs are curiously interlaced, and the frame, thus violently distorted, is kept bound up for hours, in a condition little short of dislocation. Sometimes a heavy stone is laid upon the back, while thus bent; and it often happens that the peons amuse themselves by sitting astride upon the unhappy sufferer who is undergoing *anundal*. More than one of the witnesses depose to the infliction of this torture, under the fierce Indian sun, upon a number of defaulters placed together in rows, for two, three, four, and even six hours; and this in the immediate vicinity of the cutcherry, or revenue office, and in the presence of the *tahsildar*, or native collector, and of the assembled villagers.

"These tortures are often used simultaneously: the *kittee* being applied to a man's hands, ears, or thighs, while he is actually undergoing *anundal*.

"Flogging in various forms is also one of the ordinary instruments for the collection of revenue. In most cases the defaulter is hung up by the arms to a tree, or to the roof beam of a house, as a preparation for the lach, which consists either of a scourge of leather thongs (called *cornechever*, and sometimes *jerbund*), or of the tough fibres of the tamarind tree or of the coir rope. Many of the witnesses complained of having been flogged to laceration.

In the *American Medical Gazette* for June, there is a letter from an American Medical student in Paris, which asserts that Magendie, the French physiologist, opened one of his Lectures in the following words:

"Gentlemen: Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science, indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now in the begin-

ning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the Medical School; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such-a-one therapeutics, such-another materia medica—*Eh bien! et apres?* What's known about all that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier (God knows it was famous enough in its day!) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary, and the doctors educated there knew just as much and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog—that's something; we can alleviate diabetes, and, I see distinctly, we are fast approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease.

"We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as a medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, nature does a great deal; imagination does a great deal. Doctors do——devilish little——when they don't do harm.—Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some three or four thousand patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one, I followed the dispensary and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other, I gave bread-pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it——and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected, unless they were well drugged——*les imbéciles!*) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in the third class got well. There was a little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who

were carefully drugged according to the dispensary."

We have, heretofore, given willing heed to the notices of our pages from Southern journals. In the same spirit we advert now to one in the *Times* and *Sentinel*, of Columbus, Georgia, with the earnest desire always of hearing any suggestion, and improving any hint for the better management of our undertaking. We, therefore, assure "*Justitia*," that we do not take his criticism in *dudgeon*; that we cannot regard it as *the stab of an enemy*; that we willingly consider it *the voice of a friend*, and are ready to listen to his remarks at this and any other time.

In expressing a hope or wish to make it conform to Blackwood as an exemplar, it was with no expectation of being able, immediately, to make our work equal to that popular monthly. Russell is fully and fairly adopted as a vehicle for the expression of Southern sentiment and intellect; if the cultivated minds of the South, generally, will give us their aid; if we have the good fortune to receive the warm, steadfast, active support of the people of the Southern country, we can perceive no reason why the fine intellect and taste which belong to that country should not produce every desired effect, and make the Magazine in substance and form as attractive as any other existing periodical. But we want all this help, and when our friend "*Justitia*" notes our short coming on this or any future occasion, we would take it kindly of him to press this view of the subject on the attention of his friends. Without a very general assistance from Southern intellects, no Southern work can succeed. The reason of this is obvious enough. There are not among us, as in Europe, and even, in a less degree, at the North, numbers of men, more or less cultivated, driven to literature as a means of support, and ready to furnish material for any periodical work. What they are compelled to do for bread, we hope our Southern intellects will do for the honor and improvement of their country. We court their aid and open for their use, the means of imparting it. If we sometimes fall short of their expectations, they must conclude that we would be glad to furnish them with something better, and that nothing prevents but the holding back of the better things by those who have them, and who might so easily impart them. If they will do this, we have no fear that we shall fall below the standard of the most rigid requirement.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims. By Edmund H. Sears. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

The object of the author of this volume is to illustrate the character of several epochs of history, by recording the adventures of certain distinguished families, intimately connected with the political progress of the eras, the events of which are commemorated.

The writer becoming possessed with a passion for antiquarian and genealogical researches, gathered, unexpectedly, a mass of material, tending to illustrate family history and genealogy, through a period of three hundred years. "It was deemed," he says, "by others, of some importance that these materials should be arranged and presented in a permanent form. But a book of mere genealogies seemed the most unedifying of all performances. The question soon occurred—why not put flesh upon these bones? Why not make these skeletons live? These names, in a genealogical table, would stand for nobody, and, yet the men who bore them, acted and suffered through the most interesting periods of history, and there are abundant facts to show what sort of connection they had with their contemporaries. I have attempted, therefore to connect the current of family, with that of public history, and to show how events affected not only public men, but the homes and firesides of the people."

The attempt, we think, has been successful. Mr. Sears is a picturesque and graceful writer. Many of his sketches are exceedingly spirited, and, moreover, they cannot but be of considerable value to the student of history, who desires to look beneath the bare facts of a period to the *spirit*, (often subtle and hard to grasp,) which underlies and develops them. Not only as a specimen of our author's style, but as a deeply interesting description in itself, we quote what follows upon the trial of Sir Thomas More.

"The 1st of July has, at length, come. A special commission is appointed for the trial at Westminster Hall. They lead

him out, and parade him through the streets of the city, on his way to trial, intending thereby to strike terror into the public mind. They have clothed him in a coarse sack, as a mark of disgrace. They have starved him so long in prison that he walks with difficulty. They dread his learning and eloquence, and they mean so to crush him beforehand that he cannot use his masterly powers. The vast space of Westminster Hall is crowded with spectators, and presents a sea of anxious faces. "Will he make out a defence that will stand with one of Audley's juries?" is a question on which dread alternatives are poised and trembling. The river has been alive all the morning with the barges of noblemen rowing towards Westminster, and crowds of poor people, to whom More, when Chancellor, had dispensed justice, tempered with mercy, have packed the galleries, and are looking down with agonized features. Within the bar sits lawyer Leach, with his glistering head and cucumber coolness, and not far off, stands his client, watching the prisoner with as deep emotion as if his own life were hanging on the issue, as, indeed, he thinks it is. On the bench—that same bench where More had administered justice so impartially—sits the base, the venal, the cringing Audley, a man who has grown fat on confiscations of which he was the tool, and who is ready, like a hound, either to follow the scent of blood, or to fawn upon and lick the hand of his master. But his person and appearance are commanding, and we see nothing, at first, to indicate his baseness, except the cat-like softness of his manners. Close by his side sits the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir John Fitzjames, early distinguished for his buffoonery, and his ignorance of law, and promoted for his pliancy in the dirty work which tyrants have to be done. There stands, at the bar, Sir Christopher Hale, the Attorney General, who has some dignity of character, and maintains a show of candor. Associated with him is Mr. Solicitor, the low-browed Rich, with his large, animal mouth, and his eye bloodshot with "dagger-ale"—the school

boy companion of More, who early separated from him because baseness and virtue are repellant forces. There sit the jury, packed and overawed, giving small hope that they are the stuff that a bulwark can be made of to stop the sanguinary flood that is already on the flow.

The case opens and the indictment is read. It is long, but the gist of it is that More has, first, refused to acknowledge the King's supremacy, and, secondly, that he has denied it.

After the indictment is read, Audley bends towards the prisoner, with a feline courtesy. "You see how grievously you have offended his Majesty. Yet he is so merciful, that, if you will lay away your obstinacy, and change your opinion, we hope you may obtain pardon."

"Most noble Lord," replies the prisoner, "I beseech Almighty God that I may continue in the mind I am in through his grace unto death."

The case proceeds, the witnesses are brought on; the lawyers and judges together think the case is made out, and Audley, with a smirking glance, asks his prisoner if he has anything to say.

More now stands up, and leans upon his staff; his features are pale and prison-worn, but there is still the twinkling drollery in the curves about his eyes, as if he were looking through and laughing to scorn the web-work of sophistry which the lawyers have put together. As he rises, all murmurs cease in the crowd, and Westminster Hall, in its remotest corner, is silent as death. As soon as he opens his lips, his learning and genius blaze forth in their mild and beautiful splendor. Seeing how weak and pale he is, they offer him a chair, and permit him to sit while making his defence. And there he sits, and quietly riddles in pieces, their fabric of accusation and testimony, sometimes with a sparkle of wit, but in a light so broad and luminous that the judges themselves are ashamed of the case. He quietly reminds them that no evidence has been introduced to show a *denial* of the King's supremacy.

Here Rich interrupts him with a coarse violence in his manner. "We have your silence, which is an evident sign of a malicious mind."

"*Qui tacet consentire videtur*," says More, quoting a maxim of law. "He that holdeth his tongue is taken to consent."

A laugh runs around the inside of the bar, and lawyer Leach squints his left eye and looks towards his client, whose courage is rising high as he hears the illustrious prisoner bringing out the

point that Leach had before made, and bringing it out with a clearness that tells evidently on the court and jury.

More has closed his defence, and the judges look aghast at each other. The absurdity of convicting a man of high treason because he has said nothing, is so monstrous that they dare not do it even in the eye of the rawest student of the New Inn, who may be looking on at Westminster Hall. More has been wiser than Fisher was. When the mousers purred around him to tempt the treason out of him, he saw through them and guarded his lips, and now all that they can prove is—silence. His defence is complete, and he has carried the whole audience—the servile court, packed jury, and all.

There is a buzz all over the house, every man looking into his neighbors' face and breathing easy, lawyer Leach and his client looking wise at each other. The court and the crown lawyers fall to a consultation; Audley's head is bent close up to the empty head of Fitzjames. Hale is in as close a conference with Rich as well he can be without taking too much the fumes of the last debauch.

But the buzz stops. Rich has taken the witness stand. Blood must be had at some rate, and Mr. Solicitor volunteers to perjure himself. He swears that he actually heard the prisoner *deny* the King's spiritual supremacy, when on a visit to him in the Tower.

More turns upon the miscreant his pale, honest face, and bends upon him the clear gaze of his eye, and administers to him a rebuke which must have rung through his conscience, if he had one, and which, at any rate, has set him up in the pillory of infamy for all time. The prisoner's form and features dilated into a moral dignity that looked down upon the cringing court, and made everybody forget his squalid apparel in the outbeaming majesty of the man.

"If I were a man, my Lords, that did not regard an oath, I needed not at this time, and in this place, as is well known to every one, to stand an accused person. And if this oath, Mr. Rich, which you have taken, be true, then I pray that I never see God in the face, which I would not say, were it otherwise, to gain the whole world."

The prisoner goes on and narrates the conversation that *did* take place in the Tower, and then, turning round to the false swearer, who dares not meet his eye—"in good faith, Mr. Rich, I am sorry for your perjury more than for mine own peril. We know, sir, that neither I nor any man else ever took you

to be a man of such credit as to communicate to you any matter of importance. You well know that I have been acquainted with your manner of life and conversation a long space, even from my youth up; for we dwelt long in one parish, where, as you can tell yourself, you were esteemed a dicer and a gamester, and light of tongue. And your fame is not very commendable in the Temple or the Inn where you belonged."

Then turning to the court—"Does it seem likely to your honorable Lordships, that I would trust to this man, reputed of so little truth and honesty, the secrets of my conscience? I refer it to your judgments, my Lords, whether the thing is credible."

The address produces a profound impression on the by-standers, and on the packed jury. Rich quails, fidgets, examines new witnesses, but can get no one to confirm his lie. Audley hurries on the case, as if ashamed of his business, charges the jury to convict the prisoner, and sends them out. They obey. In about a quarter of an hour they come in with "Guilty," and a half-smothered groan goes round the galleries of Westminster Hall. All is lost. The barrier of "twelve good men and true," is as unsubstantial as last night's dream, and the tide of blood must roll on and roll over us.

Audley hastens to pronounce sentence.

"Wait, my Lords," says the prisoner. "When I was toward the law, the prisoner was asked before sentence what he had to say."

"O true," said Audley, stammering, and blushing crimson. "What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced?"

More now goes on and arraigns the statute, and denies the power of Parliament to pass it. The thing is monstrous in itself, and it is an anomaly in the history of the realm. The Parliament have no more power to make the King the head of the Church, than they have to vote God out of the universe: and having no constitutional power to make his statute, all indictments under it are worthless as a straw.

Audley is nonplussed again, for he knows all this to be true. But he has a resource. The blockhead judge who sits beside him does not know it. Legal assés are mighty convenient things on which to saddle a false decision.

"What say you, my Lord Chief Justice?" says Audley, bending towards Fitzjames and purring.

Fitzjames, C. J. "By St. Gillian, my

Lords, the indictment in my conscience is sufficient."

Audley "Lo! my Lords, lo! you hear what my Lord Chief Justice saith. *Reus est mortis.*"

He then pronounces the terrible sentence upon the prisoner, concluding with ordering his four quarters to be set over four gates of the city, and his head upon London Bridge.

"Have you anything more to say?" says the velvet-faced Audley, bending forward.

"This further only have I to say, my Lords: that like as the blessed Paul was present and consenting to the death of the promartyr Stephen, keeping their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now twain holy saints in heaven, so I heartily pray, that, though your Honors have been, on earth, my judges to condemnation, we may, hereafter, meet merrily in heaven together. God preserve you all, especially my Sovereign Lord, the King, and send him faithful counsellors."

White Lies. A Novel, in four parts. By Charles Reade—author of "It is never too late to mend," "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," &c. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

As only the first two parts of this Novel have been published, we cannot, of course, pass a final judgment upon it. The opening chapters, however, which we have read, with care, are of a kind to disappoint Mr. Reade's admirers.

From our previous acquaintance with the author, we were prepared for many eccentricities of style, but what does he mean by so overcrowding his book with Gallicisms, that every sentence reads like a literal translation from the French?

Strike the name of Charles Reade from the cover, and we are very sure, that nine out of ten competent critics would pronounce the work to be a translation. This is not creditable to Mr. Reade's taste. That one able to write so vigorously, who is master, in fact, of terse, idiomatic English, should fall into the affectation (for an affectation it must be,) of moulding his style upon French models, is much to be regretted.

It is true that the scene is laid in France, and certain of the prominent female characters are French women, but why should Mr. Reade sacrifice nature to conventionality?

His personages talk not like the living personages one meets in Paris, or the provinces, but like the people in French melo-dramas and tales of the ultra-senti-

mental cast. We repeat, however, that we are speaking of a publication which is incomplete. We may have happened upon the worst passages, and the work may, after all, turn out a capital Novel. *Nous verrons!*

Life.—Its Relations, Animal and Mental. An Inaugural Dissertation. By J. Dickson Bruns, A. M. M. D. Walker, Evans & Co., Charleston, 1857. 8 vo. pp. 58.

Those who take up this pamphlet with the expectation of encountering the undigested matter, the immature style which, it must be acknowledged, usually distinguish such inaugural treatises, will find themselves most agreeably disappointed.

Half a dozen pages are quite enough to make us oblivious of the fact that the author is a young man but recently graduated in his profession, for the style is full of strength and clearness, the thought mature, the illustrative information equally various and apposite, and the grasp of the argument wonderfully sinewy throughout.

A subject more difficult of treatment could hardly have been selected. To discuss it with even tolerable accuracy and acumen would require much subtlety of mind and considerable reading; but, to approximate the general excellence of the essay before us, would, we frankly believe, demonstrate the possession of very uncommon powers, natural and acquired. Of the absolute *scientific* value of "the dissertation," we do not pretend to judge, but, in many points, it may be regarded as a literary performance, and as such we must express the deep gratification it has afforded us.

And here, we would note as especially interesting, the vigorous passages which speak of the systems of *psychology*, ancient and modern, of the unity of vital force, of the Bojoesman as contrasted with the highest of the brute creation, and, lastly, of the whole of the well-written and eloquent conclusion.

Of the importance of *physiology* in determining, or, at least, in some degree elucidating the problem of *Life* and its relations, the author says:

"But though the gigantic intellect of Bacon perceived and exposed the prime source of error, in all the antecedent efforts of the human mind, viz: in the mode of procedure adopted, and assured to us a logical form, at least, in the inductive method, though Descartes, with the force of an acute perception, and

vigorous and well trained understanding, applied it with masterly ingenuity to the great problem of human consciousness; though the critical investigations of Kant established, with a certainty yet unshaken, the possibility and extent of human knowledge; though the sensationalism of Locke was an attempt, well if not altogether successfully, made to analyze by the prescribed method all mental phenomena, to determine the true source of our perceptions, ideas and judgments, and the manner in which they severally arise; though Scotch metaphysicians, and German transcendentalists, and French eclectics, have thought and argued, and written, we doubt if, from any or all of these sources, psychology has gained much that would strengthen the claims she very properly advances to be considered a positive and reliable science. *The form, indeed, came from those moulds perfected and polished, but it lay an unconscious, though beautiful statue, until physiology breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, and it stood up a living soul!*"

The following is no less admirable in expression; we like the fervent and stirring force of the style. The allusion is to the Hottentot.

"The moon gives him light to pursue his prey, when pressed by the imperious necessities of hunger, and the stars direct his course when, worn with the toils of the chase, he seeks, belated, his wretched habitation; but their mild beauty gladdens not his heart, he lifts no thought beyond the immediate purpose they subserve, hears not the celestial harmony as they wheel on through the deep spaces in their triumphal march; he recognizes not the hand of Divinity in the wonderful panorama of the heavens; bows not to His invisible presence in the whisperings of the breeze; confesses not His august might in the rushing of the wild tornado; trembles not at the terrors of His voice in the angry mutterings of the thunder. For him the wild flower blooms in vain; its fragrance is wasted on his unheeding senses. No beauty attracts him, no pleasing landscape makes him pause and wonder. Nor sparkling stream, nor glassy river, nor verdure-clad hill, nor mountain gorge, nor solemn wood, nor waving grove stay his steps in love or awe. He is dead alike to nature, to himself and to his God, a hideous scar, marring the fair face of creation, and the man and his anthropoloid brother might shake hands cordially over their close relationship, and neither feel a glow of shame at the mutual acknowledgement of kindred

tastes and appetites. Yet between the two there is stretched a wide, an impassable gulf! Not in the individuals, however, but in the potentiality of development, immanent in their respective germs, lies the immense distinction. The pitiable condition of the Hottentot is the result of the circumstances by which he has, from all time, been surrounded. No fostering hand has ever cultivated the seeds which lie dormant in that miserable and abject shell. But, imperfect as his cerebral organization yet is, he is possessed of a capacity for a higher condition of existence, which, though it may never be reached by the individual, is still possible to his race. The ape has in himself attained the limits of that originally inherent power, and can make little further advance, save in a few imitative acts; for the man, on the contrary, there is a progressional capacity, transmissible from generation to generation, whose depth, and breadth and height have never yet been measured."

We wish that we had the space to give such an analysis of the treatise as so elaborate and able a production deserves. But this is beyond our power. We can only say to the reader, who is also a *thinker*, that he will find much in "Life and its Relations" to repay not merely a superficial perusal, but a close and earnest study.

Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution; with Notes and Illustrations
By Frank Moore. D. Appleton & Co
New York.

This volume impresses us with a profound respect for the patriotic fervor of our ancestors—not at all diminished by the quality of their verses, which, to say the truth, are "curiously bad." "At the time of the war (says the compiler), nearly every company had its 'smart one,' or poet, who beguiled the weariness of the march, or the encampment, by his minstrelsy, grave, or gay, and the imperfect fragments which survive, provoke our regret that so few of them have been preserved." As the present work contains *ninety-three* ballads, and covers 386 pages duodecimo, we can hardly sympathise with the regret of the indefatigable editor. The book is beau-

tifully printed, and the labor of collection must have been immense. It was necessary, of course, to consult every old journal and magazine in the country, to disturb the dust of half a century in libraries, public and private, and to brush away tenderly the cobwebs in superannuated brains, before the *material* of such a work could have been procured. Whether it was worth all this trouble, we do not undertake to say, but beg leave to present the reader with a few favorable specimens of the poetry thus happily rescued from oblivion.

The following lines are from a ballad on *Taxation*, by Peter St. John, of Norwalk, Conn.

"Old Satan, the arch-traitor
Who rules the burning lake,
Where his chief navigator
Resolved a voyage to take;
For the Brittanick ocean,
He launches far away,
To land he had no notion,
In North America.

He takes his seat in Britain,
It was his soul's intent,
Great George's throne to sit on
And rule the Parliament;
His comrades were pursuing
A diabolic way,
For to complete the ruin
Of North America—

He tried the art of magic
To bring his schemes about;
At length the gloomy project
He artfully found out;
The plan was long indulged
In a clandestine way,
But lately was divulged
In North America.

Equally spirited and ingenious is the song which originally appeared in *Rivington's Gazette*, and commemorates the attack upon Savannah—

"The Frenchman came upon the coast,
Our great allies and they did boast
They soon would bang the British host.
Doodle, doodle do, pa, pa, pa, pa, &c.

These samples, we presume, are sufficient to impress our readers with the peculiar merit of the volume, which, we assure them is as "good as a play."